# CHICAGO LEDGER

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# CHICAGO LEDGER

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## GENTLE JABS.

Truth and trouble play no favorites.

And the old hen moves in a set of her own.

High words are apt to consist of low language.

Blessings of poverty may look good to the millionaire.

A man may be driven, but a woman must be coaxed.

Many a great hope is erected on a small foundation.

A "duck of a man" often makes a goose of a husband.

And the lullaby is responsible for many a kid-napping.

Sometimes a man's past takes a short cut and heads off his future.

After some men get a start in life they don't know when to stop.

A man usually drops his prosperous look when a bill collector calls.

The average reporter is as accurate as the average man he interviews.

When a man is compelled to eat his words his appetite is quickly satisfied.

Many a woman's makeup prevents her from holding the mirror up to nature.

The Blanks treat their mother shamefully—they no longer laugh at her jokes.

Having figured out his income tax, the tired business man feels that he could demonstrate the binomial theorem with his eyes shut.

Telling a man not to worry is about as effective as warning a small boy not to eat too much.

What everybody knows is not enough with which to run a bootblack stand, let alone a government.

Men are so contrary that if their wives wanted them to stay out late they probably wouldn't do it.

When a very young man is in love it is hard to interest him in things pertaining to the next world.

The street faker reaps a golden harvest every time he faces a crowd that wants something for nothing.

Every time a married man lets out the remark that he is free from worry and care, other married men give him the merry grin.

This is our idea of hospitality. We load people down with kindness until their backs break, and then wonder why they don't die happy.

"When you hear a comic stage skit," we are asked, "do you applaud the author of the lines or the comedian who speaks them?" The author, if it is not too much of a strain! If it is, we applaud the comedian, lest those around us take us for a critic or theater employe.

# A Talk of Interest to Old Ledger Readers

THE Editor this week gives his space to a former member of the Ledger editorial staff, whose talk, based upon the remarkable experience of having been part of the staff of this famous weekly for twenty years cannot fail to be of interest to all readers. Mr. Kerr, altho having retired from active editorial work for over two years now, nevertheless watches with keen interest each and every issue which comes from the plant. Mr. Kerr will now take the speaker's chair.

* * * * * *

A kind but thoughtless fairy in the Ledger editorial office has invited me to be reminiscent, to say some intimate and personal things about myself as a fictionist and as a former member of the Ledger staff to accompany my stories, which appear from time to time here. I accept with alacrity. It is a new experience, being the first time in my life, I think, that I have deliberately sat down to write about myself. To one who for forty years has written about others, mostly about people of the imagination, this attempt at self-publication comes as a decided innovation. It has, too, the spice of danger, for no doubt it must be even easier to lie about oneself than about other people, and of course to the born fiction writer lying must be as natural as eating.

Others have written about me, some very pretty things, and some not so pretty, but the most one-pointed and brief summary of my career appears in "Who's Who in America." There is no need of self-effacement when the editors of "Who's Who" ask one for the facts of one's life, they whittle biography down close to the vanishing point. That readers may taste personal history distilled to the last drop, here is what "Who's Who" says about me:

"Alvah Milton Kerr, editor, author; born at Athens, Ohio, July 20, 1853; son of Joseph and Rebecca Sanders Kerr; educated public schools, Monroe, Wisconsin; married; telegraph service and train dispatcher, 1876 to 1888; editor and writer since 1888; consecutively editor of Up-to-Date, associate editor Belford's Magazine; editor Iroquois Magazine, and, for the past sixteen years on the editorial staff of the Chicago Ledger; member Chicago Theosophical Society, Chicago Press Club; author of books, "Trean, or the Mormon's Daughter," 1890; "An Honest Lawyer," 1892; "Heroes of Wire and Rail," 1903; "Two Young Inventors," 1904; "The Diamond Key," 1907. Address 500 North Dearborn street, Chicago."

There it is. Certainly a brief chronicle for a lifetime approaching the biblical limit of three score years and ten. But brevity has the merit of often leaving out much that is not worth while, as well as the demerit sometimes of suppressing the worth while. Four more years should be added to the sixteen, making my position on the editorial staff of the Chicago Ledger just twenty years; also the fact that during those twenty years I contributed stories successfully to the Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan Magazine, McClure's Magazine, Collier's Weekly, The Red Book and Blue Book, The Youth's Companion, Munsey's Magazine, Success Magazine and other periodicals, besides having a story of mine, which had appeared in the Youth's Companion, stolen bodily by an eastern writer and published in the Metropolitan Magazine. For this theft the name of the perpetrator was at the time placed on the blacklist in all the principal magazine editorial offices of the country.

But perhaps of larger moment and interest to Ledger readers is the fact that, up to something over two years ago, I worked hand in hand with the men and women who brought out the Ledger every week for twenty years, helping to select all its stories.

We bought during that long stretch of years hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stories, probably a larger amount of fiction than has been bought by any other publication west of New York. Millions and millions of words passed thru our hands to readers in all parts of the United States, Canada and the Islands of the sea. A momentous and responsible thing this work was—yes, indeed.

Yet, my conscience is clear. I never ceased to aim that all Ledger stories, while exciting and interesting, should be clean, and in their general effect teach virtue and honor, and that sin and crime are dangerous fireworks to play with. A lifetime of observation has confirmed me in the conviction that this last statement is everlastingly and bitterly true.

On the whole, I believe the Ledger, as an instrument of influence, has been not only entertaining but widely instructive and formative of good conduct. At any rate, while helping to edit the Ledger that hope was always at the back of my head, for it is my belief that the injury of human minds thru poisonous literature is in essence more criminal than the injury of human bodies by physical means.

One of the greatest pleasures of my life has been to watch the Ledger during the last two years and to observe how it has not only lived up to the old traditions, but has forged steadily onward in the matter of novelty, up-to-dateness and number of readers, under the hands of my capable successors.

Stories can be intense, dramatic, ingenious, passionate and alluring, but they can at the same time leave in the reader's mind a hatred of that which is criminal and crooked and wrong, thus aiding in the higher evolution of the human race. In fact, it is a question if fiction has not done more than the preachers in modern times to civilize mankind. Having been in the fiction business thru the larger part of a lifetime, I naturally hope so.

The growth of the Ledger's circulation has been interesting. When I first came with it in 1898 it was printed all in black, contained eight pages and was of newspaper size. Mr. Boyce bought almost the first color-printing press built in the United States, and under his instruction we changed the Ledger from its newspaper shape to its present magazine form, printing it in colors. It had a relatively small circulation at that time, but in those years its circulation increased steadily year after year until it reached phenomenal figures, which it has maintained. Much of this success was due to Mr. W. D. Boyce himself, who is a genius in organization and the management of newspapers and periodicals.

Now, having written down some of the main events of my short career—for even fifty years of active accomplishment seems short—I wonder if I have said enough. Of course a man's real life is not told in this fashion; his private life, his inner mental life, his spiritual experience, his deepest joys and sorrows, are hardly for the public. But when one has written fiction that has been read by many thousands of people, it is no doubt reasonable to disclose the background and basis of his stories.

Here it is briefly: Sixty-six years ago my father, moving by covered wagon from Ohio to Iowa, stopped in southern Wisconsin. At the end of one day's illness he died, and my mother and eight children, myself the youngest and an infant, moved into a log house in a region where there were tens of thousands of acres of timber. There I had fifteen years of country life, which gave me knowledge of all sorts of trees and animals, domestic and wild, and an acquaintance with farming and country people. Following this came fifteen years in small and medium sized country towns, chiefly as telegraph operator and train dispatcher, out of which grew my stories of railroad life years afterward; then came ten years of roving, mainly in the West, then twenty-five years of life and literary labor in Chicago, in many respects the most amazing of all earth's great cities.

My education, mainly, was derived from the diversified life I led and an insatiable curiosity about the things of this world—and the next. From childhood to the present hour I have never ceased to marvel at the phenomena of this planet and the solar system. I thank heaven that my sense of wonder has never grown cold. I have been present for sixty-six years at a continuous and very great show. I've had a big run for my money and am satisfied.

I am thankful that I was born an American and in this age, the very greatest era of the world's history; that I have had the pleasurable surprise of seeing nearly all the great modern inventions appear; that I have voted for every American President for forty-five years; that I have aided in my small way in the creation of an American literature.

What is the greatest thing I have seen in life? The face of God smiling from all growing and living things. What is the strangest thing I have encountered during these years? Consciousness in myself. What is the most powerful thing I have met? Human thought. What is the most sweet and beautiful thing I have contacted? Human love. Do I believe in the ultimate high destiny of man? Absolutely. Where am I while writing this? In an old hotel on Santa Monica Bay in Southern California, where I am writing stories for the Ledger and other magazines, and where January is May.

ALVAH MILTON KERR.

# Rimes of the Times

BY I. I. SIR.

### TO A DEPARTED COOK

Just a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue,
Thinkin' of your pies and stew;
Goulash, apple fritters, too.
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You will cook for us again—
The girl that Bureau sent won't do—
We're a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes—the kids awake;
Used to howl so for your cake.
Now there's anguish in the notes
That come sobbing from their throats.
The puppy seems to miss you, too—
All a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' comes, we miss you more
When the guests are at the door.
Seems as if you ought to be
In the kitchen, gettin' tea;
Dinner bell don't thrill us thru—
While we're a-wearyin' for you!

### THE SPELL OF THE DIVAN

She wanted the gold and she got it;
She toiled and she slaved for fair;
And at last she struck a high grade ore—
She married a millionaire.

### SPRING OVERHAULING

There was a young fellow named Bell,
Who liked common denim so well,
He wore overalls
To banquets and balls—
And overhauled H. C. of L.

### The President's Parable.

LINCOLN used his anecdotes not only as anecdotes to stress and strain, but to clarify meaning even with so technical a matter as military instructions. General Grant writes that just after receiving his commission as Lieutenant General the President called him aside and after the briefest of references to the military situation remarked:

"At one time there was a great war among the animals and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally, they found a monkey by the name of Jocko, who said he thought he could command the army if his tail could be made a little longer.

"So they got more tail and spliced it to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly and then thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, and there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued to call for more, and they kept winding the additional tail about him until its weight broke him down."

"I saw the point," added General Grant, "and arising from my chair, I replied: 'Mr. President, I will not call for more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have.'"

To our thinking, this parable is enhanced not only by Lincoln's visualizing the detail of the monkey general's name—Jocko—and regarding the lengthened tail "admiringly," but by his subtly holding up to ridicule Grant's predecessors—all without danger of bringing on a libel suit.

### "In the Sweet Dry and Dry."

A CROWD about a rigging attracted the attention of a sad-eyed individual who seemed to be still visibly affected by the succession of hangovers that had marked his life before the long dry spell began.

"Whatsa matter?" he inquired.

"Oh, we're just watching the work."

"What work?"

"This is a drilling machine."

"What are they drilling for?"

"Water."

As the shaky individual turned to move away he muttered with fervor most intense:

"And to think we'd ever come to this."

# THE DESERT'S WEB

## BY BRYAN IRVINE

THERE were five hundred cells in the cellhouse at Malden Penitentiary. All of them were identically the same as to size and furnishings, each being fitted for two men.

Prison cells tell many tales. Here as in no other room or dwelling is portrayed on whitewashed walls the characters of the men confined therein. In cell No. 1 we find a life whose dark visage and beady eyes say plainer than words, "I am a confirmed criminal, a degenerate, a dangerous enemy of society," yet, look upon the walls of his cell and we find pictures of dogs, birds, the lowly cow, a quaint farmhouse, little children. In cell No. 2 is a pious appearing individual of middle age who wears glasses, possesses a faultless command of English, quotes the Scriptures in a sanctimonious voice, confesses to having forged a check and attends chapel every Sunday. Yet, cut from the theatrical periodicals and hung upon the walls of his cell are many pictures of scantily attired actresses. From other sources he has procured highly colored reproductions of Mexican bullfights, six-shooters of large caliber, pugilists, and nude hula-hula dancers.

Personal appearances are deceptive.

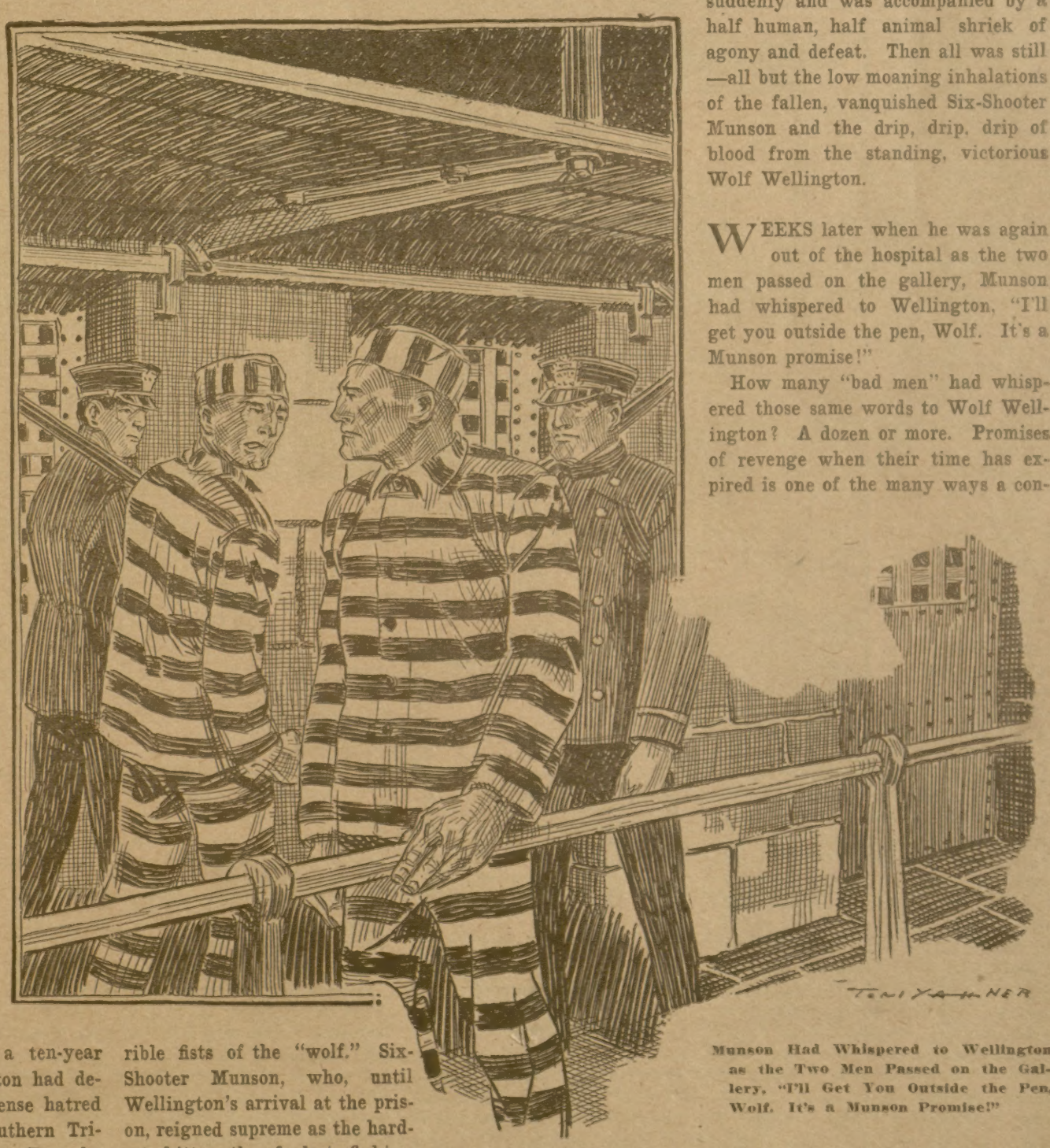
So it was in Malden Penitentiary. Every cell was decorated according to the tastes and characters of its occupants — horse-hair bridles and quirts, queer bits of embroidery, colored beadwork, samples of fancy penmanship, crude lead pencil drawings, gaudy calendars, tinseled postcards and pictures of every description. Passing along the galleries and peering into the cells one runs the whole gamut of emotions as the pitiful attempts at novel or homelike wall decorations greet his eyes. Arriving at cell No. 313 on the third gallery, however, we experience a shock; the walls of the cell are bare! Not even a small calendar to relieve the white expanse. Hunched upon the one three-legged stool and gazing moodily at nothing in particular is the occupant of the cell; James Wellington, known to guards and convicts as Wolf Wellington.

On entering the prison to serve a ten-year stretch for highway robbery, Wellington had determined to breed in his heart an intense hatred for everybody in general and the Southern Triangle Railway Company in particular. That he had succeeded in doing this was attested by everybody in the prison. During the time he had been in the prison he had violated every prison rule, established several precedents in unique and original cussedness and had served more time in the dungeon on a bread and water diet than any other inmate within the walls. He refused to tolerate a cellmate and this refusal was further emphasized by his prompt and thoro trouncing of any other convict placed in the cell with him. Large or small, hard boiled or parboiled, it made little difference to the "wolf," he never failed to send his cellmate to the hospital. Guards, too, he had "cleaned," and one morning bright and early he handed the warden a haymaker that dislocated the "big chief's" jaw.

In a desperate attempt to tame the "wolf" the guards deliberately sent, one at a time, the biggest, toughest, fiercest fighters among the convicts to Wellington's cell. The results of these experiments were discouraging, only stirring up more "bad blood" in the prison and heaping unnecessary work upon the doctors and nurses in the hospital. During his ten years in the pen the "wolf" had never seen the inside of the hospital, tho he was several times in dire need of medical attention.

Even "Six-Shooter" Munson fell before the terrible fists of the "wolf." Six-Shooter Munson, who, until Wellington's arrival at the prison, reigned supreme as the hardest hitter, the foulest fighter, the possessor of the most devilish temper; whose promise of revenge once given was known in the wild places of the West and in several western prisons as undying and never failing; Six-Shooter Munson who had single handed put two guards and two convict turnkeys in the hospital in that never-to-be-forgotten fight in the messhall one Monday morning; Six-Shooter Munson, who in a vain attempt to curry favor with the cellhouse keeper, had secretly volunteered to do a stretch in the dungeon on a "faked" charge and there, undisturbed, in the inky darkness, unheard by those living in the light of day, unmercifully beat Wolf Wellington who was also doing a jolt in the "hole."

It was one of Wellington's best fights—it was a glorious scrap! Not a soul to interfere, no meddling "screws" to stop the mill with saps and guns. And there in that sound-proof, evil smelling hellhole of darkness Wolf Wellington and Six-Shooter Munson fought. Biting, tearing, kicking, brute strength against brute strength, beast and bloodlust mingled with an utter disregard for all prize ring rules or fairness. There was no referee, no timekeeper, no gong, none other to hear; just the dull impact of fists or heavy prison shoes falling relentlessly and unmercifuly upon unprotected flesh; the sickening crunch of a broken bone, the snapping of a rib, labored breathing, vile curses gasped out now and then, the loud rending of clothing, heavily shod feet slipping about or half naked bodies squirming in the blood on the cement floor, and darkness utter and black. And the end? It came suddenly and was accompanied by a half human, half animal shriek of agony and defeat. Then all was still —all but the low moaning inhalations of the fallen, vanquished Six-Shooter Munson and the drip, drip, drip of blood from the standing, victorious Wolf Wellington.



Munson Had Whispered to Wellington as the Two Men Passed on the Gallery, "I'll Get You Outside the Pen, Wolf. It's a Munson Promise!"

WEEKS later when he was again out of the hospital as the two men passed on the gallery, Munson had whispered to Wellington, "I'll get you outside the pen, Wolf. It's a Munson promise!"

How many "bad men" had whispered those same words to Wolf Wellington? A dozen or more. Promises of revenge when their time has expired is one of the many ways a convict declares a temporary truce; a truce that is really wanted for their own peace of mind and their own safety. Wellington merely sneered at these many threats.

A detailed account of how the "wolf" paid for his many transgressions is needless. The punishment was severe enough and the scars on his face and body told of penalties paid in full.

So, with only one week more to serve Wellington had reached the apex of concentrated incorrigibility and hate. He had long since been given up as a hopeless case. He was an outcast. Letters from the Prisoner's Friend Society he promptly returned unopened. His sweetheart of once happy days wept over her photo which had been returned to her with words penned on the

back of it which told her irrevocably that love and hope were dead for him, forever. This is what he had written:

> Merely a reminder of the dead past; a pretty face that must pass from my memory. The Jim Wellington you once knew is dead. The man who returns this photo is "Wolf" Wellington and henceforth he lives that name. Forget me as I have forgotten you.

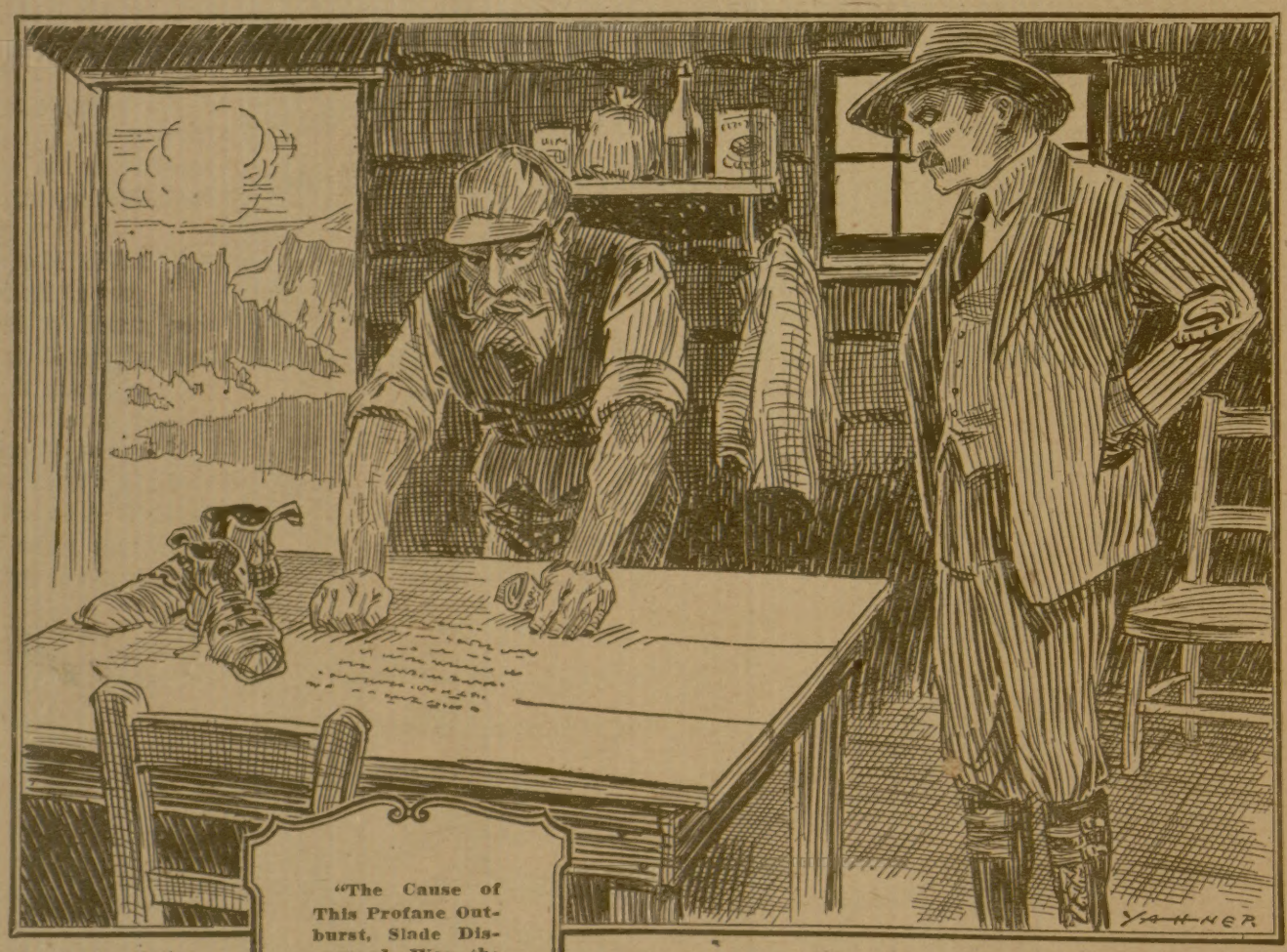
WHEN Wellington entered the prison he was a repentant young man of 22 years. The law, however, had said that repentance was not enough. The attorneys of the Southern Triangle Railway Company had relentlessly hemmed him in and stubbornly demanded that he be given not less than ten years in prison. They had been paid their due, and, like chaste Society, sighed, shook their heads sadly and dismissed Wellington's case from their minds as a duty well done. Not so with young Wellington. Where youth and hope once reigned, hate and a desire for revenge crept in until, with but seven days left to serve, he had forgotten Justice and dreamed of a life of crime. The Southern Triangle must pay and pay big. He had reasoned, and rightly too, that to be a really bad man one must reject every mellowing influence; must think, dream, plan, nourish and live a life of hate. This he had done methodically, deliberately and thoroly. Hence the bare walls of his cell; hence the prison record for incorrigibility; hence the hard glitter in blue eyes where once was a merry twinkle, the hard lines on a once frank face; hence the name of Wolf Wellington; hence the dedication of a splendid physique and a keen mind to a career of crime.

What was it all about? Well, Wellington was once a homesteader in his native Western State. He had, upon filing on his choice of 160 acres of soil, complied with all the requirements of the homestead law. He toiled and he tilled and he sang the song of youth and hope, as his cayuse team pulled the plow and broke the land. Tho city bred he loved the open stretches, solitude, and experienced the joy of a real son of the soil when he looked out upon his fields of grain, the green truck garden and his lone cow lowing in the small meadow. Then came representatives of the Southern Triangle Railway Company and jumped his claim. They had known of the rich deposits of coal beneath the land and had intended filing on it. During their delay young Wellington, knowing nothing of the coal, beat them to it. The railroad people wisely said nothing and waited.

During the second year of his lone farm life Wellington concluded to take advantage of the homesteader's right to leave his claim for six months to earn money with which to make necessary improvements on the claim. He had obtained a lucrative position in the city, and, feeling that it would be safe to do so, remained away from his homestead twenty days longer than the six months allowed by the Government. He little knew at the time that his employer had been paid handsomely by the Southern Triangle Railway Company to raise his, Wellington's, pay and urge him to remain twenty days longer. When he returned to his homestead he found a representative of the S. T. people in possession. His claim had been jumped! He was homeless. He had pleaded, reasoned, argued, but the "jumper" was there to stay.

Several weeks later a lone highwayman held up and robbed a paymaster of the Southern Triangle Railway Company as the latter was enroute in an automobile with the monthly pay envelopes for a construction gang working near the former Wellington claim. In an exchange of shots with the paymaster's driver the bandit was wounded in the leg and was later captured in the timber near the scene of the robbery. The wounded "stick-up" man was young James Wellington.

SO AT last came the day that Wolf Wellington passed thru the prison gate to blink his eyes in the morning sunshine and once more breathe the air of freedom. The warden's kindly words of advice to him had fallen on barren soil. He ignored the proffered hand of the deputy warden at the gate. A pretty time for fatherly advice and empty handclasps after they, as hired servants of justice, had wrung ten years' of youth and freedom from him! He was a criminal now; a man physically, but one in whose heart was stowed ten years' of hate for all things pertaining to law. Law! Bah! Wolves had no respect for law or the makers of it. Law was henceforth his mortal enemy.



"The Cause of This Profane Outburst, Slade Discovered, Was the Shoes on the Table, the Bank Notes, and a Short Message Which Was Written on the Immaculately Scoured Table Top."

He looked down upon the cheap discharge suit, too small and of a very cheap grade. The coat was uncomfortably tight across his broad shoulders and pinched under his arms. Four inches of his large boned wrists were exposed on account of the too short sleeves. He sneered. A 6-foot, 200-pound criminal squeezed into a suit made for a runt! He removed the cheap felt hat and ran his fingers thru his short black hair. Then he replaced the hat on his head and put his hand in his pocket to caress the neat roll of bank notes there; $420, all he had in the world and the remains of what had been taken from him and deposited in the prison office to his credit at the time of his conviction. He raised his head and threw his shoulders back disdaindfully. He was ready for the game. Where were those hard-boiled cons who in the bygone days had fallen before his mighty fists? They were not in sight as they promised to be. Cowards, every one of them. Why, even Six-Shooter Munson, the one time devil of the prison, was not in evidence. Wolf Wellington was spoiling for trouble.

The discharged "con" was aware, however, as he strode toward the railway station that a tall, thin-faced man with all the actions of a hounding detective, was shadowing him. Probably one of the special agent's force of the Southern Triangle Railway, Wellington guessed. He smiled. The game was on. Well, he would fight them all to the finish —the whole world if necessary!

## CHAPTER II.

### FAIR WARNING.

IT WAS two weeks after Wolf Wellington's release from Malden Prison that President Hallworthy Douval of the Southern Triangle Railway sat in his private office and frowned portentously at a letter he had just finished reading. He read it again, a letter written with a lead pencil on a very cheap grade of paper and bearing the Hickson, California postmark. It was written in a bold, dashing hand and every word of it displayed the iron will, absolute fearlessness and unfaltering determination of the writer. After the second reading of the ominous epistle, Douval summoned Chief Special Agent Maxwell Stonewell.

"Well, Stonewell," Douval began as the big, keen-eyed C. P. A. entered the office, "I guess the 'wolf' is on the job. Read this."

Stonewell merely grunted as was his wont as he accepted the letter and sank into a chair. The missive was headed "Hickson, California, March 10th. It was addressed to "Hallworthy Douval, President of the S. T. Ry. Co., San Francisco." It said:

"Sir:

"At the time of my trial and conviction for robbing your paymaster little more than ten years ago, I threatened, when my time had expired, to 'collect' from your company the sum of $54,750, which, if my figures are correct, is $15 per day for every day I served in prison. In addition to this compensation I will collect $150,000. This latter sum will be payment in full for my homestead and the deposits of coal over which it lay. Two hundred four thousand seven hundred fifty dollars is the amount due me from the Southern Triangle Railway Company.

"Ridiculous you say? It certainly is —a ridiculously low price for my home and ten years of my life.

"Just when I begin to collect, I regret, sir, I cannot tell you. It would likewise be very indiscreet of me to inform you as to what point on your thousands of miles of railroad in the west that my operations will begin. Your road traverses much wild and unsettled country which is admirably suited to my purpose.

"Tell Mr. Stonewell that his long sleuth is still on my trial and sticking close. Hope this long sleuth has no wife or children, as along the scenic route of the S. T. are many places where a dead man would never be found. For the 'dick's' sake, you had better call him home.

"I do not play in the dark, nor will I play unfair. Am therefore sending copies of this letter to a number of the larger daily papers in the West.

"Good-by for the present.

"Yours for a square deal,

"James—'Wolf'—Wellington."

Stonewell again emitted his characteristic grunt as he passed the letter back to Douval. "All bluff, Mr. Douval," he said as he lit his cigar, "all bluff. Merely a desire on Wellington's part to throw a scare into the traveling public and incidentally gain notoriety as Jesse James II."

"Nevertheless," Douval replied, "I notice you have one of your best men on Wellington's trail. Why that precaution?"

"Well," Stonewell explained, "Wellington's actions in prison, which have been widely advertised by newspapers that chose to believe what ex-convicts told them regarding him, and his standing threat to 'collect' from us when his time had expired, necessarily demands action on our part if only to satisfy a nervous public. Tim Slade is on the 'wolf's' trail

(Continued on Page 14.)

# THE 67TH LESSON

## BY M. V. SIMKO

I AM a married man and not very handsome. Altho I am no Adonis, I wouldn't be ashamed to take the beauty prize away from the King of Bulgaria. A hair tonic stole the last of my raven locks. Around the belt I measure over fifty inches and—anyway I can't imagine what in the world that lady saw in me, because I always believed in the adage, "Nobody loves a fat man."

Oh, but I was loved that night.

When I'm not floorwalking at the Clothesberg Department Store of Clinkston, Conn., I may be found deeply set in a comfortable extension chair and in the sixty-seventh lesson of my course on "How to Become a Detective," from the Always Successful Correspondence School. My wife sits close by reading the moving picture serial, "The Agonies of the Unmarried—In Fifty Parts;" and at her feet is huddled our pretty prize pet pup spaniel. But the story——!

Last summer, as president of the Corpulent Club of Clingston, I received an invitation to attend the annual outing. This time it was held 'way out in Derby. Of course my wife—but I went anyway. It was on a Sunday. We had a splendid time and I left for home at almost the middle of night.

The town clock of Clinkston struck one—1:00 a. m., Monday! I was waiting for my car. It was far from pleasant standing alone on the corner of State and Broad streets. Here was I, a mere, musty, married man; suppose some one should assault me—and a good little wife and a white sleek spaniel at home depending on me for their daily meals! Why shouldn't I tremble? I thought of the dear wife, left alone with my huge insurance policy—left alone to battle the world and a crowd of suitors after I was no more.

It was five after 1 and I was to be at the store at 8 o'clock in the morning! The New York train pulled in and soon, slowly, yet swiftly, steamed out. I stood opposite the depot. A single passenger came down the stairs, paused, looked around into the sagging stillness and then—my heart jumped (she was a peach, all dolled up in silks, fruit on her hat, diamonds on her neck and fingers, and pumps on her feet). As I said, my heart jumped, for she was heading straight for me.

In a voice like an opera singer's on a Columbia record she simply asked what time the Brooklyn car was due. I expected it any minute. She went on in her velvety vibrating voice: "You see, James was not acquainted with my arrival and, therefore, I find myself obliged to accommodate the electric company with a 5-cent piece." Oh, to bestow a blasting blow upon her metacarpus!

After the sound waves had carried away the melodious strains of her chirping, nothing was heard but the prevailing quiet and that was quite as quiet as quiet could be.

When the minutes passed and the car did not, the lovely lady stepped ever so lightly to my side and purred forth into the nocturnal aromatic atmosphere the perfume of her breath as she voiced her desire:

"Mr.—ah—won't you please order a cab for me? I do not wish to wait any longer."

I began to back up and reconnoiter. Being a married man and over desirous of upholding the virtues of my conjugal condition, I sort o' opposed this move. However, at the bottom I was a Lochinvar and considering the lady's unprotectiveness and all her jewelry, I walked to a cab, kicked out the driver and gave the order. The "million-dollar doll" once more blessed Clinkston's antochthonous, attenuated atmosphere with the beauty of her breath as she offered the number and street.

"But, Mr.—er——" she called to me from the cab. "Won't you please escort me? I am an educated lady, all alone and these jewels—you see this ring? Well, my mother's mother——"

"Lady, continue that in the next chapter!"

But she would not let me go. Again she beseeched me to accompany her. And there was a woeful wife and a white spaniel waiting for me. I hesitated, then she looked at me with her big, appealing eyes. Jess Willard couldn't have braved that knockout. I fell.

The cab went rolling along. I was far from comfortable. Being a plain, blunt man, paying my rent on the tenth of each month and voting every two years for our mayor, and drawing a weekly stipend of $20 per week from the Clothesberg Department Store—how would any one feel sitting alongside of a Fifth avenue model? I was afraid to open my mouth, because I knew that if she got going I wouldn't understand one word of the English her mother taught her. Only once she spoke:

"Isn't it a cool morning?"

"Yes'm, it is," said I, kinda snappy like.

We rode on slowly; nobody moved, nobody spoke; everything was quiet 'cept the diamonds that were sparkling as strong as ever. But I tell you she was a full-blossomed Delaware peacharino. She wore white pumps and white silk sto—shirtwaists were her style; and then she had—but my wife and the shrewd, sagacious spaniel—if they could only see me now!

Like a skiff hitting the reef our cab suddenly ceased see-sawing and stood still. The twain of us evacuated the bi-wheeled sedan. The chauffeur of the quadruped looked down upon us to receive his remuneration. Paid the driver, did my lady lithe, with the air of a frosty February Friday morning, and the arrogant air rang with the music of the musty jingling coins.

"Avaunt—to thy wife who wearily wakefully waits." So spoke my better self. But, alas! it went softly, sweetly into vacuity, for it could not be! Firmly held the lady to my coat with her lily white hands and fervently fell the flood of wondrous words as she pleaded that I enter her "humble abode and partake of a refreshing cup of tea. Oh, come, now, please—don't be bashful. Really, it is the only means adaptable for me to demonstrate my great appreciation of your benevolent act—come! The cabby shall wait—that's the way—come right in."

I Began to Back Up and Reconnoiter.

IF ADAM couldn't throw down Eve's apple, how could I refuse her cup of tea? I went with some misgiving. Say, but that "humble abode" was some Rockyfeller's palace, all right, all right! Gee, it was a dream! Served the servant the best beverage I ever brought to my lips.

And all the time I was cracking my skull for a story that my wife might hear just as soon as hubby made his presence known.

Into the stinging stillness of the cloudy star-lit night I once more threw myself, clouding the neighborhood with the bright blue belching of the Havana aroma of my cigar. Ah, fair and gentle reader, let your unlimited imagination for a moment rest upon the new predicament that now befell me. With an echoing clatter clattered the weed to the pavement from my sagging mouth. For behold, the street was vacant of the vehicle and its quadrupedal force of locomotion.

What was I to do? Walk five miles and then work the entire day? Impossible to tote my three hundred and one pounds of adipose tissue for that distance. My tibiae and femurs could never sustain the weight, never! Would that I could send a telepathic message to Beatrice Fairfax to beseech for her succor.

Once more the lithe, lean lady of the unknown name came to me. Flooded with sympathy were her eyes of heaven blue.

"Well, that is too bad. Of course, I didn't know that. But listen, you can't possibly leave me now. I will gladly accommodate you for the night and pleasant may be thy dreams."

Once more, oh, to bestow a blasting blow upon her metacarpus!

I conquered my belligerent mood and offered to expostulate as follows:

"But, lady—impossible. I—I—my wife—I got to be at work at 8."

"Oh, my dear man, I will not prevent you from enjoying your day's labor—far be it from me."

"But—ah—I—I must be up awful early—half past 7, anyway."

"Oh, Delia will 'rouse you from your slumbers."

I had to surrender.

Once inside my room I began to consider this 1 a. m. drama of comedy and wondered what the climax might turn out to be. It was far from favorable to me. In the act of detaching the last means of support to my trousers my hand was stayed by the rapping on the door. Again it came, rap-a-rap-a-rap, rap, rap—softly, just like that.

"Who is it?" sonorously questioned I.

"It is I," came a vague, voluptuous, virgin voice, fervently flowing in thru the keyhole.

"Who in the world is I?" sonorously questioned I once more.

"Why, the lady whom you escorted—please let me enter."

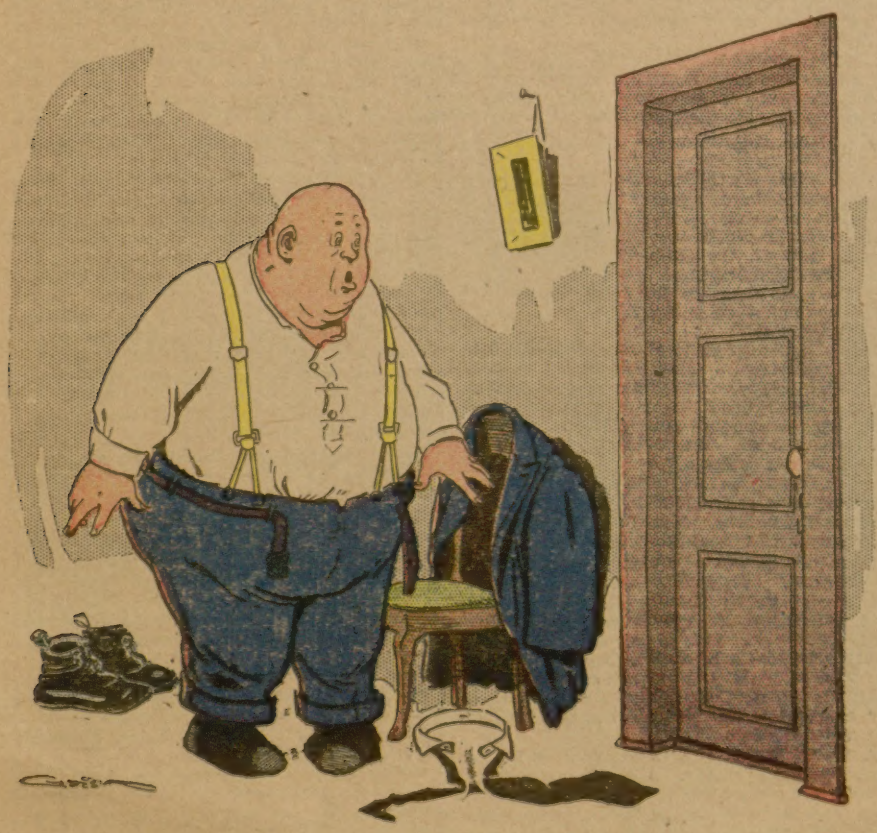
Bbbbooooohhhhh—"let me enter!" Now, there was a good little wife and a white spaniel—but what was I to do? The house was hers. She was boss and so must I humbly bow beneath her blandless brow. Excited was I and indeed my heart from its trembling did rattle against my trachea. However, with no necessary apprehension, opened I the door. Like a moving picture queen in a mill-end sale, carefully she picked her way among the roses of the carpet design and languidly lay her limber length upon the bed.

Oh, man! Oh, man! how that full-bloomed Delaware peach shriveled up when barged in her ghastly, good-night garments! She wore a red kimona (my wife prefers blue—I simply detest red)—but wait! As I remarked, she wore a red kimona that clung to the flowing form beneath it as ivy to a tree. On her feet she carried slippers and her le—look was that of a high school girl worshiping at the feet of the champion checker player. Her neck was thin, her breast was flat. Her teeth sparkled, her eyes sparkled, her diamonds sparkled until they put to shame the vanquished glare of the Mazdas! Flora Finch was a Venus after one look at my horrible hostess.

We drank champagne, and sat alongside of each other on the edge of the big bed. She nestled closer and she was insipidly sipping a cracker. Now, my wife never eats crackers in bed, but perhaps my hostess must have thought that I wasn't going to sleep tonight.

As alluring Circe, she poured out more delicious drinks and drank she decidedly faster than I, because it took me a long time to tempt that liquor to reach me. I was a married man, and then there was the poor blooded spaniel! After such behavior, could a man go home with a true heart and face his loyal pup? No, sir; no man could. The dog would know it all the time that you were deceiving him. How could one be so cruel to his own bull flooded—er—full blooded dog, and all the while the wife looking at you?

ONCE more the cheering waters flowed and were received. The lady in a fit of joy clasped her hands about my neck—my neck! Like a drowning fish she clung to me, like an octopus she held me. I was lost. I was at the bottom of the



"It Is I," Came a Vague, Voluptuous, Virgin Voice, Fervently Flowing Thru the Keyhole.

sea of love and in the clutches of an old maid. I sighed. Tears like beads of priceless pearls coursed down my cheeks as I pictured my wife in bed with the spaniel alongside of her, warming up my share of the cot until I would arrive. My woeful wife and the true-blooded spaniel were lost to me forever. Little hope for a man in the hands of Cupid; no hope for a man in the hands of an old maid.

"Kiss me—kiss me twice—kiss me a thousand times."

Get that? Oh, all ye undressed, shameful winged arrow bearers discharge at me a full volley of your poisonous arrows and let me sink in this sea of balmy bliss. Kiss her? Kiss the lean, little lady of the diamonds? O, ye gods of Olympus, why do you treat me so?

Still she persistently purred: "Oh, you have the most beautiful eyes, and the daintiest little mustache," etc., etc.

Nobody loves a fat man, hey? I shook the clinging honeysuckle from off my manly bosom and expostulated at this unceremonious conduct of a lady upon a poor, unprotected married man.

My words were as bird-food to a beast. Deaf was she to my appeal. I dodged, ducked, defended, but in vain. She got me and this time, restaged the first act with little more ingenuity and enthusiasm. I thought the champagne was working wonders. Her arms entwined me and lovingly she pressed her head against my hard shirt front.

The scene was all set and then—without ceremony entered the master. Gently he closed the door after him. He took no pains to conceal his emotions and truly he was chewing "the cud of wrath." The woman released from her soul a shrieking shriek and hissed into my ear: "Look—my husband!"

With one powerful movement he unburdened me of his wife and cast her carelessly into the most distant corner of the room. Legs apart and arms folded, alias Stuart Holmes, dealt he his Theda Bara a withering wrathful glance and sent into my soul the edges of his cutting eyes.

"You—you dog," he growled. "I've a mind to choke you just where you are. Who the blankety-blank are you, anyway, to step into another man's home and philander around with his wife? Pretty fix you've got yourself into—eh? Ha, ha, ha—imagine Clinkston's populace on learning of this—ho, ho, ho! But listen: I'm not a person anxious to kick up a row—well—er—ah—suppose $5,000 would smooth it over."

Then the man turned white. A shiver ran thru him as he felt the barrel of my Colt pressed against the pit of his stomach—for my hostess failed to locate it (the gun, of course) during her romantic effusions. It did not take me long to connect this man with a photograph in my sixty-seventh lesson on "How to Become a Detective," concerning blackmailers. It was now my turn to make speeches:

"Ol' man, you're pullin' off that gag for the last time. You got away with it in New York, but it didn't work in Clinkston, eh? I don't see how in the world you got into this swell apartment. But, say, you got the wrong dope this time. Why, I haven't got $200 to my name, and you want $5,000! Gee, I must look wealthy, anyway! Here, Miss Juliette, slip these bracelets on your Mr. Romeo. Gee, but they'll be mighty glad to see you in New York! I see where somebody's wife gets a new set of furs this winter and another white spaniel."

AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN 39 SHORT WORDS

The man who wrote
"THE BEAST MAKER"
and
"UNDER THE STRIPED MAN'S FLAG"
has written for the Ledger another story,
appearing next week,
"THE CAIN SHIP"
To those who read the Ledger, it's distinctly a case of
*"NUFF SED"*

# QUEERED in the QUAKER CITY

## by J. C. KOFOED

PART II.

IN THE days that followed Kelvin tried to forget Marion, tried even harder that he had since the day they parted, but his efforts availed him nothing. He dreamed of her at night, and woke to find the vision with him still. He was sullenly aware, too, that if he remained in town he would meet her at one time or another, and he could not leave without Steuermann publishing the story he had sacrificed so much to keep under cover.

He did not like to dwell on their meeting beside the wrecked car on Lincoln Drive. After the first shock of meeting him was over the girl had been cool to the point of indifference. Le Baron, knowing that Kelvin would not retaliate in Marion's presence, frankly insulted him. That insult Dave did not try to forget. He fully intended forcing a retraction from the Frenchman.

Kelvin worked out every morning at the Point Breeze track in order to become thoroly acquainted with his pacer. The greatest trick of the motor-paced game is for the cyclist and motorist to work in perfect unison. If the man on the motorcycle strikes a too sudden burst of speed, and the wheel of the bicycle slips away from the projecting bar of the machine, often a lap or two will be lost before the wheelman can "catch" his pacer again. So his constant attention at the track was necessary.

Nearly every morning Stannard was there, too, plugging around the huge wooden bowl, tho his riding was neither fast nor brilliant enough for competition with the real stars of the track. He ate lunch with Kelvin each noontime, but never alluded to that meeting on Lincoln Drive. Dave thought it very probable that Marion had said nothing to her brother—and Stannard was not the man to pry into affairs that apparently did not concern him.

Matters with LeBaron were rapidly coming to a head. Twice the black-eyed Frenchman went out of his way to insult Kelvin, and the second time the big fellow knocked him down. When he staggered to his feet, blood streaming from his nose—a most unhandy place for a handsome man to be hit—Dave gave him a little advice.

"They didn't call you 'Rowdy' for a joke out in Placer City," he said quietly, "but if you are wise you won't continue those tactics with me. You exhibited poor sportsmanship when you tried to foul me in the Nevada championship race, and you became bitter when you only succeeded in hurting yourself. But be careful. There is a limit to my patience."

"Because you are the bully weeth your fist you think you can scare me, eh?" LeBaron sneered. "It is you who are angry for that I am a favorite with Mademoiselle Stannard."

Kelvin's eyes flamed sombrely. "You will kindly keep her name out of this."

"Ver' well, but you will rue the day I became your enemy, monsieur."

"Save your threats for those who are easily frightened," laughed Dave contemptuously.

The rider did not believe LeBaron would strike, even thru an agent. He lacked nerve in its elemental sense—the nerve that would force him to continue an unequal combat. He was what a bully inevitably is—a coward. But, if Kelvin had judged his character correctly, he underestimated the warmth of the Frenchman's hatred. He struck, and struck quickly.

HAVING attended the rather mediocre performance of a much-advertised play, Dave left the theater and strolled along Chestnut street. Now, as a general thing, boad-trimmed sombreros and high-heeled cowpuncher boots are as rare along that thorofare as Digger Indians at a musicale. So Kelvin was not the only passerby who favored the Westerner with a second glance. Doubtless, he was the only one who experienced the shock of recognition.

Shadowed by the broad brim of the sombrero was the lean, bronzed visage of Bill Sheehan, the "bad man" of Placer City.

Naturally one conclusion leaped into Kelvin's mind, and that was that Sheehan was looking for him. The gun-bully had espoused Le Baron's cause after the race in Nevada, and now that he was in the East it was very probable that the Frenchman had sent for him to do what he feared to do himself.

The spice of adventure set Dave's blood throbbing. Instantly he decided to keep Sheehan in sight. He followed him down Chestnut street, and up Eighth street, out of the shopping district and into the less fragrant part of the Tenderloin. And, as he followed "Bad Bill" he was not aware that he was being stalked himself.

Arc lights spluttered everywhere; the cheap vaudeville theaters were ablaze with yellow light. "Barkers" for auction sales, photograph galleries, and "hot dog" stands outvied each other with their raucous shouts. Hard-faced denizens of the district, ragged outcasts, painted women, pock-marked Chinamen, and often respectable-appearing people, doubtless on "slumming tours" drifted up and down on either side of the street.

Sheehan appeared to have no definite destination. He paused to listen at an auction of cheap jewelry, provided himself with numerous evil-smelling cigars, and stared at the grotesquely-colored posters before a burlesque theater. Kelvin was sure, however, that his apparent indifference was feigned. He was there for a purpose, and Dave wanted to find out what it was.

A little later the Westerner strolled east on Vine street. Kelvin started to follow him, when a rough-looking fellow, who had been walking behind him, jostled him viciously. "Look out where yer goin'," he snarled, "or I'll hand yer a ticket to the undertaker."

Dave thrust him out of the way without answering, but the tough leaped at him, reaching for his throat. "Get 'm, boys," he shouted, "this is the guy the Baron wanted. Get 'm."

A half dozen men sprang from doorways and dark corners, and flung themselves on the rider.

Tho not of a quarrelsome disposition, Dave could fight, and fight like a tiger when he was aroused. Now he was borne staggering back, the center of a panting, close-locked fray. His assailants were hampered by their very numbers—and Kelvin had his fists.

He felt the shock of stinging blows, but they were only incentives to greater efforts. He laughed grimly—with blood spurting from his cut lips—and leaped in, every nerve and muscle braced for the conflict. He saw a scowling face; smote it away, tore a bludgeon from the gripping fingers, struck and parried and struck again.

The ruffians were desperate. There was but a moment or two before the police were certain to arrive. Kelvin knew it, and was fighting for time. They dragged him back. He felt a stunning blow, and reeled, suddenly sick and faint, but for all his faintness fought on.

THERE came a sharp report of a revolver, and a tall, lean man, with deadly black eyes shadowed under the brim of his sombrero, plunged into the center of the throng. He had reversed his Colt, and smashed the butt about among the toughs with such ferocity that they scuttled away like snarling dogs.

Dave would have fallen but for Sheehan's strong hand under his armpit. He could not understand it. The gun-bully was his enemy—yet he fought for him. With a desperate effort he shook the faintness and stood erect. There might be treachery somewhere.

A curious crowd pressed around. Two big, blue-clad policemen pushed their way thru the crowd, and he heard Sheehan explaining the matter to them. "Bad Bill" had taken the explanation on himself. He could not attribute the feeling to logic, but at that moment he would have trusted the tall fellow with his life.

By the time the police had been appeased and the curiosity seekers melted away the effect of the blow had disappeared, and Kelvin started back to his hotel. He had not gone ten steps before Sheehan was at his side.

Dave stopped and faced him squarely. "I thanked you for your help," he said. "What do you want now?"

The lanky gun-fighter grew embarrassed. He scraped his foot along the pavement, for all the world like a little boy trying to explain away his misdeeds.

"Ah-h," he growled, "them guys might start somethin' again. I could help you ——"

Kelvin glanced at him and turned his eyes hastily away. He had surprised "Bad Bill" looking at him with a curiously tender look in his black diamond eyes.

"Why do you want to help me?" His voice was impatient. "You were willing enough to put a bullet in me when we were in Placer City."

"Yeh, but you're such a good fellow that I just natchurly have to respect

## The Story of the Story

TO SAVE the girl he loved from the misery of knowing that her brother had stolen ten thousand dollars from the Quaker Engineering Company,

**DAVE CALDWELL** assumed the guilt, paid what he could on the debt and left Philadelphia, a ruined man. The girl,

**MARION STANNARD,** had never discovered that her brother was the embezzler, nor had she known that her lover was innocent. Her coldness toward him had embittered Caldwell's whole youth. He took the name of Kelvin, gave up his profession of engineering and became somewhat of a daredevil, motor-paced racing occupying most of his time. He was a chap that any one would notice on a track—smooth-muscled, lithe and graceful in his magnificent strength.

**STEUERMANN,** a New York promoter, saw Dave at the Placer City races and recognized him immediately as the "hero" who had made the "story-book sacrifice" and replaced money he had not stolen for the sake of a man he had never seen. Steuermann had good reason to know of the affair, for at the time Stannard had defalcated, the promoter's father, old Steuermann, had been at the head of the Quaker Engineering Company.

**ROWDY LE BARON,** a well-known motor-paced racer, had just lost a race to Dave when Steuermann arrived at Placer City; and altho the shrewd promoter had originally come to sign up Rowdy for a season at the motordome in Philadelphia, he changed his mind and decided he wanted Caldwell. Dave had determined never to go back to the Quaker City, but was forced to return there when Steuermann threatened to expose the truth about the Stannard matter.

Once in Philadelphia Caldwell was miserable remembering Marion Stannard's loveliness. Altho he had never before met her brother face to face, it was Dave's luck to become acquainted with

**JACK STANNARD** now at a prominent clubhouse. Especially interested in motor-paced racing, Jack seemed attracted to Caldwell, and in the course of their conversation mentioned the fact that one of his sister's friends was also in the racing game. It developed that he was referring to Rowdy Le Baron, who was just in from Placer City. That night as Stannard and Caldwell were speeding along the Lincoln Drive in Stannard's car, a big gray machine skidded into the ditch in passing. The two men in ascertaining that neither of the occupants of the gray car were hurt were surprised to find that the driver was Le Baron, and with him Marion Stannard. Her brother introduced his friend as Kelvin and Marion could scarcely conceal her agitation on recognizing her old lover.

This story began in No. 19, the Ledger for May 8. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, from our agents or newsdealers.

you, and a guy can't hate a guy he respects, can he?"

And Dave understood that vicious, cruel, even treacherous, perhaps, as the fellow was, he would fight to the last ditch for the man who handled him so easily. It was a trait not uncommon in men of his type. Some perverted spark of admiration had stirred him so deeply that his entire viewpoint was changed.

"All right," said Kelvin briefly. "Come along."

## CHAPTER VI.
## STANNARD'S BET.

STANNARD was no fool. Given two and two he could find the result as well as the next man. Steuermann, Sr., had let the entire city know of the defalcation for which Kelvin had paid the penalty. And he was vicious enough to take pains that it should reach the ears of the girl with whom rumor had coupled Dave's name. Stannard knew that Kelvin had been dismissed for a theft he did not commit, and it caused him many a sleepless night even tho he had not been acquainted with the man.

The meeting on Lincoln drive had given him his first intimation that Caldwell was the innocent victim of his wrongdoings. Remorse had long been his companion, but action—not recrimination—was required now. He must clear Kelvin, but he wanted to protect himself, too. There was just one thing to do, and he did it.

Max Steuermann kept bachelor apartments in the Majestic, and to the Majestic Stannard went. A suave little Japanese man servant admitted him and carried his card in. A moment later he reappeared, bowing.

"Be so pleased as to follow, sir."

It seemed to Stannard that he had never seen a man who so typified grossness as did Mr. Steuermann. The promoter, sprawled in a padded chair, his face congested, the rolls of fat behind his ears protruding over the collar of his smoking jacket. He held a black cigar in his fingers and a glass of heavy wine stood on the table.

He nodded shortly, his thick lips wrinkling into an offensive grin. "What do you want, Mr. Stannard?"

The younger man removed his gloves, and seated himself. "I've come to talk about Caldwell," he said.

"What about him?"

"Just this," Stannard looked past Steuermann, out of the window, his blue eyes filled with an indescribable bitterness. "Two years ago I made an idiotic fool of myself by taking some ten thousand dollars from your company. I was desperately in need of money, and it was weakness, not innate criminality, that made me commit the act."

Steuermann nodded impatiently.

"I returned every cent of that money to you personally. Mr. Kelvin paid your father the same sum when he shouldered the blame for my misdeed. It was so announced at the time, and for that matter, your father would have pushed the case unless the money was returned."

"I—my father——"

"Since your father died you are responsible for the actions of the Quaker City Engineering Company. I am going to ask you to return that money—voluntarily. Will you do it?"

"No."

STEUERMANN stood up, his fat thumbs hooked in the pocket of his smoking jacket. "I have no interest in Kelvin—or Caldwell, whatever he calls himself. As for any money I got from him I think he would rather have me keep it than stir up any talk. There ain't no proof he ever gave it to me—L-let go of me. What the devil are you doing?"

"You cur," said Stannard, loosening his grip from the other's shoulder. "If you have the least grain of decency in you you'll do the right thing by that man. Oh, if there was only something that I could do!"

The promoter eyed him with a sour grin, swaying slightly where he stood. "Maybe there is. You think you're a rider, hey? Well, I'm a sport, and I'll make it a proposition. In my opinion you're a bum rider, and to show you what I think I'll bet those ten thousand dollars against the same sum for you, that teamed up with anybody you can't beat two men I pick in a hundred mile race. If you win—I'll hand the money back to Kelvin. I'm a sport, you know."

"But this is no issue that should be left to chance," Stannard protested. "The money is Kelvin's by every right. I would give it to him personally if I wasn't so miserably afraid that my weakness would become public property. Why, by George! I'll give it to you, and you can return it to him on the pretext——"

Steuermann's blood-shot eyes narrowed. "The bet! the bet! You don't owe it to him no money, but if you ride the way you talk I'll give him back what you say he ought to have. Who do you want should be your partner?"

For a moment Stannard stood silent, thinking, Steuermann's proposal appealed to him in every fiber of his being—ridiculous as it appeared. He would give every ounce of strength and courage he possessed to win for Kelvin what rightfully belonged to him. And, perhaps, in the muscle-tearing race he would, in a measure, make reparation for what Kelvin had suffered for him. They would work shoulder to shoulder—he and the man he had learned to care for so greatly. And, perhaps, some day, when their friendship was cemented so tightly there would be no danger of a rupture, he would explain everything.

"Who do you want?" repeated Steuermann.

"Kelvin."

"Kelvin, hey? I thought you'd choose him. He's a wonder, but he ain't good enough to beat Clarence Carstairs and Rowdy LeBaron, for you won't be no help. You think I'm drunk or crazy, maybe, for proposing such a bet. I ain't tho. I'm a sport, and I like to tinker with Fate—to see you poor fools fighting around the track for something I hold. I never liked Dave Kelvin, and I don't like you, but I'm giving you a chance—because I'm a sport." He laughed foolishly, his fat body shaking like a jelly.

Then he dropped into a chair, and dragging pen, ink and paper toward him, commenced writing out the terms of the bet. Stannard read it over his shoulder.

"We'll deposit it with the clerk downstairs," said the promoter thickly.

"What about a witness?" suggested Stannard thickly.

"Right!" Steuermann tapped a bell with fumbling fingers, and in a moment a lean, lantern-jawed fellow, chiefly conspicuous for a startling blue silk shirt and wicked, black eyes, strolled insolently in.

"This is my bodyguard," grinned Steuermann, "'Bad Bill' Sheehan they called him in Placer City, and bad he is, absolutely. That's why I brought him East. He might come in handy. Bill, read this bet, and then sign your name as a witness."

Sheehan traced out the words on the note paper, his face not betraying an iota of expression. When he had finished he tossed it on the table and favored Stannard with a long, level stare.

"Pretty good, ain't it?" chuckled Steuermann. "Go ahead and sign it."

"All right," said "Bad Bill."

"If You Don't Do as I Tell You, Your Only Monument Will Be a Notch on My Gun."

Turning to Leave the Room, He Found Himself Confronted by Marion.

## CHAPTER VII.
## HER PROMISE.

THE telephone bell jangled impatiently and Kelvin, smothering a yawn, answered it.

It was Stannard's voice that floated over the wire. "I want you to come up to the house right away, Dave," he said, "I have something that I want to talk over with you—something that is too important to say on the 'phone."

Kelvin's hesitation was so apparent that Stannard sensed it, and must have guessed the reason. "There is no one here now but me."

The rider flushed hotly. "All right. I will come over."

The interpretation Stannard had made of his reluctance was the right one, but it irked him to know it. He loved Marion as much as ever, but it could do no good for them to meet. He could say nothing to clear himself without earning his own eternal self-contempt. A coward is a pitiful thing. And only a coward would retreat after having gone as far as he had gone.

A stiff-backed English butler admitted him to the Stannard home, and Kelvin followed him down the hall to the library. Dave drew a deep, silent breath. It was here that he had last seen Marion before her regard turned to indifference—or worse.

"Mr. Jack stepped h'out a moment, sir," whispered the butler. "H'if there h'is h'anything you want, sir, ring."

That was a peculiar thing for Stannard to do, but Dave had no inclination to carp, so he dismissed the matter from his mind. Thru the window he could see the green expanse of the square, and children in white summer clothes, playing there. Overhead was the splendid deep blue of the summer sky.

As the moments passed and Stannard did not come Kelvin grew impatient. The business was important, and he had intimated that haste was necessary. So why did he linger? Turning to leave the room, for he had become suddenly restless, he found himself confronting Marion, who, in a pretty afternoon frock, was just entering the room.

"Oh, I didn't know you were here," she said faintly.

OF A SUDDEN Kelvin accounted for Stannard's absence. Jack wanted them to come together, and he had arranged this meeting, leaving both parties concerned in ignorance of it. Dave found neither anger nor joy in the thought. The nearness of the girl he loved dazed him; the color faded from under the tan in his cheeks; his throat went dry. He did not stir, but apparently his steady gaze disturbed her. She turned her face from him, and cooled her cheeks in the breeze that crept thru the open window.

"Dave!" she whispered.

The sudden thrilling tenderness in her voice brought his heart to his throat. He had thought her indifferent, perhaps even bitter, and the transition astounded him. He could not know that slowly, by degrees almost imperceptible, Time had assuaged the sting of disappointment, and added to the regard she had once held for him. But he was aware that she was no longer passive; that something new and bright had entered into their relationship.

Sunset, and the slow, summer twilight, tinted, then dimmed the light in the room. He watched the red bar of sunlight that stretched across the oak-beamed ceiling fade to ashes.

"What is it, Marion?" he asked gently.

"I—I want to tell you," she breathed, "that I was unjust, cruel, when I sent you away without listening two years ago. The shock of what they said you did—stunned me. Now I know that there must have been a mistake. You are not capable of it—and even if you were——" her beautiful eyes met his with courage—"I—I care for you anyway."

Kelvin wanted to tell her that he was innocent of what had parted them, but grim duty to the man he had saved—the man he now called friend—and to Marion herself, kept him silent.

"Tell me your side of that affair," she said silently. "If I am the woman you took me for, tell me. It is the quickest way to my heart, Dave. Even if you did it I—I——"

His worn face grew stern with repression, and he stood straighter, his hands hanging by his sides.

"There is but one fact that could excuse such a question. Why do you ask it?"

Her eyes wavered, then returned his gaze. "Because I love you," she said, as white as death.

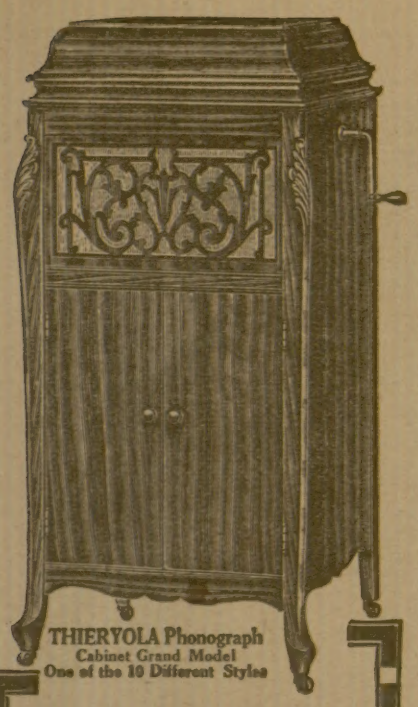
He caught his breath sharply; in the dim light his face was ghastly. The reaction from utter hopelessness to a realization of all his desires had been too sudden. His life, colorful enough as to extraneous details, had been a dreary once since he left Philadelphia and Marion. Now, it promised——"

But what did it promise? He could not ask this girl to share a dishonored name. Clean as he knew it to be, it was branded before the world with another's guilt. Until he was vindicated he dared not take what was offered him.

"Dear," he said, "I love you, and long for you with every breath I draw, but it would be monstrous for me to ask you to share the stain I carry. Some day, somehow, I will prove that I——"

She came closer, resting her slim hands on his shoulder. In her eyes was the eternal light of faith and love. "We have every opportunity to make the most of life and each other, Dave. I am not afraid to risk it. Why are you?"

"Afraid!" Kelvin's voice turned harsh. "It is because I know how bitter the world is. The great, colorless majority



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are always ready to point and mock. And not for all the wealth in the world would I have them sneer at you as the wife of a thief!"

"Dear!"

"You must never doubt my love, Marion. I am going to prove it to you in every act and word. And when I've made my name honorable in the world again I'll come back to you. Will you wait?"

Her hands crept higher about the neck of the man who held her crushed in his arms.

"Will you wait?" he whispered.

"Yes."

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## CHAPTER VIII.
## THE RACE.

AS EARLY as 7 o'clock the southbound trolleys commenced to fill up, and the roads over the marshes near League Island became cluttered with automobiles and motorcycles. By 8 there was not a vacant seat in the great Point Breeze Motordrome. The track was circled by 25,000 human beings. Thru the yellow glare of the electric lights their faces, the bright skirts and waists of the women and the darker clothing of the men fused into a vast, neutral color scheme.

The incessant buzz of their talk was like the monotonous growl of a giant, with the shrill yells of venders of programs, peanuts and lemonade cutting into it like siren whistles. High lights glistened on the steep board track; a track that was as flawless as human hands could make it.

A shout of appreciation rose when three popular favorites were sent away in a 10-mile preliminary motorcycle race, but it was apparent that the spectators were holding themselves in check. The 100-mile, motor-paced team race was the magnet that had drawn them there, and they were saving their enthusiasm for it.

Tho none of them thought of it in that way, it was the psychology of the Roman mob that urged them to strain for places to watch the spectacle. The sheer, brutal speed of the motorcycles was less fascinating than the paced races, because it was machine made. With the men pedaling fifty miles each in the team race they could imagine the agonizing strain of it; the tearing wear on heart and nerve and muscles. It gave them a primitive thrill—the thrill that comes only from desperate physical endeavor.

Steuermann, a high silk hat thrust far back on his sweating brow, hastened from group to group, grinning flatly. The announcer was bawling the names of the entries thru a huge megaphone. A sudden hush fell on the crowd as they listened.

"Next event the 100-mile motor-paced team race. Entrants, Hector LeBaron and Clarence Carstairs, world's champion motor-paced rider, paced by Legar and Emmers; Henri Didier and Joe Mozart, paced by Mortier and Chambers; Jack Stannard and Dave Caldwell, paced by Senhart and Van Loan; Bobby Walters and Phil Wiley, paced by Alberts and Harrison."

The riders grouped about the starter. They were magnificently developed men, lean, deep chested, splendidly muscled. But Kelvin, stripped to a red and black jersey, white trunks and a well-padded head-guard, towered above them. Occasionally Steuermann's eyes became uneasy as they rested on him, but grew more cheerful as LaBaron and Carstairs, wrapped in bathrobes and cynical confidence, examined their wheels.

Stannard was obviously nervous. Naturally, Kelvin attributed it to the fact that it was his first race, and he tried to ease the other's mind with stray bits of advice as they stood waiting.

"Don't try to make a runaway of it on the first 25 miles," he whispered. "You'll need your strength—so save it. LeBaron will try to worry you by sudden sprints, but let him go. Keep plugging along. If you average 45 miles an hour you'll keep close to the leaders, and I can fight it out with Carstairs. Above all, try not to worry."

Stannard closed his jews with a snap. "I won't."

THE pacers were tearing around the track now, their engines exploding like rapid-fire guns, flames spitting from their exhausts. In a moment more the first four riders were lined up—LeBaron, Stannard, Mozart and Walters. The starter's gun cracked, and away they pedaled. The pacers, slackening speed, cut in front of them. Stannard, luckily enough, caught his pacer first. Then he leaned over the handle bars, humped his shoulders, his legs working like pistons, and began widening the gap between himself and the rest of the field.

So quickly was his spurt attempted that he was over half a lap ahead of Walters, his nearest competitor, at the head of the first mile. But Kelvin shook his head despondently. The intoxication of speed had robbed Stannard of judgment. He was killing himself off, and the other riders—veterans of the six-day races—knew it, and grinned to themselves as he lapped them.

In the tenth mile Mozart started a spurt that awakened the field to a sudden, explosive energy. Stannard responded with a burst of speed that none suspected he was capable of. So daring was it that he not only held his original advantage, but bettered it a trifle. Still Dave waited, with the faint half smile he simulated for the benefit of others. If he gained too much LeBaron was bound to foul him, and he never did it so crudely that the judges could disqualify him.

The attempt came sooner than even Kelvin expected. A trifle over a lap behind Stannard, the Frenchman began to sprint. Before Jack realized it, LeBaron was beside him, racing like a fiend. Stannard fell into the trap, and began to put every ounce of driving power into his legs. The shiny track whirled beneath them like a river of silver.

To the spectators, even to the experienced riders and judges, it seemed as tho LeBaron had shot his bolt. They saw him fall back, but they did not see the Frenchman's pacer swing slightly toward Stannard, the wheel of his motorcycle striking the other's pedals.

Jack plunged heavily to the track, rolled over, and lay still. LeBaron, staggered by the impact, lost his pacer, but caught him again almost immediately. Every one stood up, straining to see, the race forgotten in the tragedy of the moment.

Kelvin was the first to reach him. Stannard had pulled himself erect, leaving horrible smears and blotches on track. "G-get in the race, Dave," he whispered. "Don't mind me. You—you must win. There is ten thousand on it——" He choked, and a fleck of blood marred his white lips.

A burst of rage welled up in Kelvin's heart. Tho the actual foul had been unobserved he had seen LeBaron and his pacer work the trick too many times not to know what had actually occurred. And from Jack's almost incoherent words it must be inferred that he had bet a fortune on the race. Well, by heavens! he would give them a fight for it.

When Kelvin pedaled his wheel into a position where he could catch Senhart the other riders had gained a handicap of a dozen laps. Carstairs, Didier and Wiley had replaced their teammates, so the young Philadelphian faced the more difficult task of making up the lost distance at the expense of the world's greatest riders; men who were just as fresh as he.

Twelve laps behind and seventy miles to go! It seemed a task beyond the limit of human endurance, but Kelvin grimly decided that it wasn't. To win that Marion's brother might be saved again from his folly was the goad that spurred him on. He had done it once; he would do it again—for her sake.

Bent at a right angle in the saddle, his eyes fixed on his pacer's sweatered back, his face crimson, and the veins in his neck standing out like cords under the strain, Dave Kelvin showed the people of the Quaker City what riding really was. His legs drummed away with the precision of a machine.

The spectators screamed themselves hoarse at the wonderful exhibition. Kelvin found the going tremendously hard. He could not pass a single man without a battle that sapped a bit of his marvelous recuperative power. Once he forced Didier into a disastrous sprint in which Henri dropped his pacer, and was lapped several times before he could regain his speed.

ON THE sixtieth mile Kelvin was but a single lap back of Didier and Mozart, six in the rear of Walters and Wiley, and seven behind LeBaron and Carstairs. At seventy he whipped by the tailenders and crept within three laps of Walters and Wiley, and four of the leaders. Ten miles from the finish and riding like a demon, he passed Phil Wiley, and went into the stretch only a single lap behind Clarence Carstairs, the champion.

One lap in ten miles was a great handicap against a rider like Carstairs. It was an almost insurmountable one for he had rested half an hour, all of Dave's gain representing a gruelling conquest at the expense of LeBaron. Dave was almost exhausted, but it took more than seventy miles of speeding to batter the tremendous strength from his frame.

Kelvin, of course, did not know whether he was one or ten miles behind. It was the old, indomitable instinct of never quitting that kept him going. The thousands of spectators formed only a colorless streak thru the yellow glare of light. The continuous driving movement of his legs was purely mechanical. He only knew that he ached from head to foot; that his lungs were parched, burning—and that he must win the race!

The final deadly sprint began on the last three miles, with Kelvin half a lap behind. It did not seem possible for the men on the track to add more speed, but add it they did. Carstairs had the reputation of being the greatest sprinter in the land. Now he flattened down in his saddle, and put the last drop of blood and power in a desperate effort to win.

The crowd stood up and shrieked; they shrieked louder still when the red and black jersey crept up inch by inch on the yellow one. There is nothing American manhood, or womanhood, admires more than gameness; Kelvin had made a wonderful fight, and now they cheered him until his name thundered up to the stars in one vast reverberation. It was a superb spectacle. The whizzing spit of the

(Continued on Page 16.)


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# The Unregenerate

## By Angus Mac Gregor

"STUART, dear aren't you most thru? It's been bedtime for hours."

Little Mrs. Bates, her golden-brown hair twisted into a loose braid that hung schoolgirl fashion down her back, and very lovely in a fluffy pink kimono, yawned sleepily twice in succession, and drew her tiny feet up under her.

For half an hour she had been nodding over the pages of a magazine, and trying to interest herself in a fervid story in which the lovely heroine clings closely to the stalwart hero as he splashes thru a mountain torrent, bearing in his arms her helpless form. She had fallen asleep just at the point when they entered the stream, and the magazine lay with crumpled pages back up on the floor.

Prof. Stuart Bates, as he hammered with two fingers at an aged typewriter in the next room, paused with ill-concealed irritation. It annoyed him to be interrupted in the middle of his writing. It annoyed him even more to have his pretty girl-wife use her all too frequent slipshod English, English totally unsuitable for the household of a Doctor of Philosophy and an Associate Professor of the English Language and Literature. Especially did this use of "most" for "almost" vex him.

"I'll be thru n a little while, Rita," he answered with studied patience that deceived no one, not even himself. "If you are sleepy, why don't you go to bed, and not wait for me?"

"Oh, I'll wait," his wife answered, in resigned fashion. "I don't like to go to bed till you come. It's—it's lonesome."

Professor Bates resumed his slow hammering at the keys. His halting progress annoyed his wife, who had been an expert stenographer in a law office before her marriage. Professor Bates might have been an authority on mid-Elizabethan literature, but he was a hopelesssly inefficient typewriter, both in the quantity and the quality of the screed which he turned out on his back number machine.

For a few minutes more he wrote in desultory fashion, and frowned angrily at the keys. Whether it was due to the interruption or the lateness of the hour, his thoughts refused to come in orderly current, and he pulled the sheet of paper from his machine with an impatient gesture and thrust it into a drawer. He covered over his machine and went out to the next room to plant a kiss on the altogether adorable lips of his wife.

For a few moments they sat side by side on the shabby couch, with the youthful professor's arm around the pink-clad bundle of loveliness that leaned lazily against his shoulder. She lay there a little while in quiet content, eyes half closed, and listened to the lonesome beat of the rain against the windows. Presently she sat up straight and ran petting, yet appraising fingers over his coatsleeve.

"Stuart," she suggested, with a slight pucker between her eyebrows, "really, I wish you'd get a new suit. This one is wrinkled and shiny, and won't last much longer."

He sighed regretfully. "I really don't see how I can manage it for at least two months more. There's the coal to put in, and the repairs to the stove, and your new shoes, and——"

She echoed his sigh. "There does seem to be an awful lot of things we need," she admitted.

"If I could only sell one of these darned stories, now," he muttered, "they'd help out amazingly."

SHE looked at him with a thoughtful expression. "I wish you'd let me read one or two of your stories," she suggested. "Perhaps I can find out what's wrong—why they don't sell, I mean," she corrected hastily. "I couldn't criticize the technique of a professor of English literature," she deprecated, "but I'm just a plain, common sort of reader the Myrts and Lizzies that they screen the movies for, and write the paper-backed novels. Perhaps it might do you good to get some other viewpoint besides your own."

An odd look settled round the corners of Stuart Bates' eyes. Without a word he went to his desk and brought out two long envelopes with printed addresses of two well known magazines in the corner. He handed them gravely to his wife, then lit his pipe and sat down in the rocking-chair, with a tolerant look on his fine face. In superior fashion he rocked and puffed, while his wife went thru the typewritten sheets in a business-like manner.

She read them thru carefully, and laid them down with a tiny sigh. He waited complacently for the verdict. Down in his heart there was half-expectant waiting for the expressions of admiration that he felt sure his keen insight and polished style should evoke. His wife disappointed him.

"I don't know, Stuart," she mused. "They're good—in a sense. I suppose the English is perfect, the style flawless—and yet they don't ring natural. They're not—convincing. They don't seem like folks in real life, persons like you and me. They're more like those marble statues over in the Art Building, or some of those formal old canvases where the people look down at you like beings of another world. They're chiseled, hard-edged, cold, not real flesh-and-blood men and women with their faults and follies. This isn't a story that would hold an ordinary low-brow reader like me."

She saw the disappointment gather in his face, and went on hastily, "I'm sorry if I hurt your pride, dear, but you're writing for the average person, not for the Stanhope faculty's social gatherings. Now, there's a good plot, rather a novel setting here. It's a love story, a romance in name. Why don't you liven it up a little? Make it a trifle—er, well, unconventional? Half the stories in the magazines are made up of a man and a woman thrown together in a highly unconventional situation and falling in love thru its developing an unseen side of their characters. Can't you add some of these little touches? We've had a few right in our own life."

He laughed, mollified. "Suppose I did? You'd never forgive me if I put down in black and white, say, the first time we met. Do you remember it?"

She gurgled with laughter. "Yes, I certainly do. I wouldn't speak to you again if you told how you found me wading alone on the beach—how the wind blew my stocking into the water, and you rescued it just in time. And how I stood there with my skirts wrapped tightly about me, not daring to let them go for fear they would be drenched. And you! You were even more embarrassed than I. It was a telling situation for a Doctor of Philosophy, now wasn't it?"

They both laughed happily at the remembrance. "If you incorporated a few instances of that sort into your stories, they'd sell," she persisted. "Your stories are heavy, classical, written for a college audience and learned readers."

"Suppose I did," he objected. "Why, I'd be in everlasting disgrace if anything of that sort came out over my name. You don't know Prexy Maitland and his views. I'd be expelled from the faculty."

"You don't need to use your own name," she argued. "What Prexy Maitland doesn't know won't hurt him. Doesn't Wilkinson write detective stories under an assumed name? 'The Revenge of the Purple Rider' wouldn't fit in very well with the other writings of the Perkins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religions!"

UNCONVINCED, Professor Bates knocked the ashes from his pipe and switched on the hall light. He was unusually thoughtful as he prepared for bed and crawled beneath the covers.

"I Wouldn't Speak to You Again If You Told How You Found Me Wading Alone on the Beach—How the Wind Blew My Stocking Into the Water and You Rescued It Just in Time."

For some time he lay uneasily. He felt all too keenly, the truth of his wife's criticisms. Down at heart he was convinced that he could write stories that should sell. They must sell. He needed the money for clothes, for books, for furniture, for a score of things that his salary of $1,700 as Associate Professor of English Literature would not buy.

And yet it seemed like debasing his talent to cheapen his stories by incorporating such incidents as his wife had suggested. Again and again that event stood out in sharp relief in his mind. He could see the blurring shimmer of heat which rose from the brown rocks baking in the noonday sun, the far-off horizon line with its irregular patches of islands and promontories veiled with blue haze, the sea lapping idly at the shore. It was—a bully good idea—some time he'd write a—story about——

Little Mrs. Bates lay motionless until her husband's deep and regular breathing told her that he slept. Then she crept cautiously out of bed and down the stairs in the dark. Her head swam with a daring idea, and she tiptoed silently across the icy floor to the little room that her husband used as a study. She switched on the light and found the story that he had shown her earlier in the evening.

She found a pencil and several odd sheets of paper and set to work. She dared not use the typewriter that came so readily to hand, lest she wake her sleeping husband. Laboriously she scratched away, adding little incidents here, cutting out others, and adding a frothing leaven that completely changed the air of the story. With the fervid glow that waits upon creative genius, she sat and wrote and wrote, with fingers that trembled, first with excitement, then with cold, while the clock in the dining-room struck 1, then 2, then 3, before her task was completed.

She leaned back, shivering and tired. The light shone down on her shimmering, bare shoulder, on the wavy cloud of loose hair about her face, her twinkling bare feet. She had not thought to get a wrap or slippers, so intent had she been on getting to this task, and she realized for the first time that she was cold and sleepy.

As she half rose, she heard a surprised voice calling to her from the top of the stairs. "Rita! What in the world are you doing down there?"

"I just came down to get a drink and to see if the window was fastened," she fibbed cheerfully. With guilty hands she hastily tucked the sheets into a drawer, and crept upstairs to snuggle between the covers.

In the morning, when her husband had gone to his classes, she brought out the manuscript and sat down to the battered typewriter. With hands that dashed with their old-time skill and speed over the keys, she rewrote the story, addressed an envelope to a well known popular magazine and dropped it in the mail box.

For days she watched for the carrier's step with that optimistic hope that every author has for the first year of his literary life—and which he never quite gets over. In the meantime Professor Bates plugged away at the typewriter evenings and completed and sent out manuscripts which came back with unfailing and monotonous regularity—occasionally with a brief typewritten note, regretting that some feature in the handling of the story or the plot rendered it unsuitable to the needs of this magazine, in spite of the high quality of the workmanship—but more often with a stereotyped and icily courteous printed slip.

AND meanwhile, in the hours when Professor Bates lectured on mid-Elizabethan literature to his classes at Alumni Hall, she hammered at the typewriter, rewriting and remodeling stories from his carbon copies. It was surreptitious work, with the ever piquant spice of danger that he might come in suddenly and discover her engaged at it. Luck held with her, however, and she kept the revised stories carefully secreted.

Then one day there came a thin little envelope with the imprint of a well known popular magazine in the corner. She opened it with fingers that trembled with excitement.

It announced that they were pleased to accept "What Will Mother Say?" for publication in the December number, and took pleasure in enclosing check in payment. The letter hinted that more stories of the same type would be welcome.

She smoothed out the check with shaking fingers. Her eyes danced with pleasure. It was more than a week's salary as Associate Professor of English Literature.

Visions of what that green check would buy danced before her mind. Her impulse was to do an impish dance before him, to flaunt that check in his face that night, to demand that he write more stories of that sort. She did nothing of the kind. Instead, she thrust the letter into the bosom of her gown and carefully said nothing.

Her dancing eyes nearly betrayed her that night. Professor Bates sought to analyze the reasons for it. "Rita," he commented, "you look unreasonably happy about something."

"I am happy," she declared. "What's the use to be otherwise?"

He cupped her plump face in his palms. "I bet you've been reading some of those 'Glad' books," he ventured.

"Now, Stuart, don't be mean," she protested, as she wriggled from his grasp.

"I shan't let you kiss me until—until bedtime for that."

It was several weeks later when, with dogged persistency, Professor Bates was tapping out a story after supper. The old typewriter sounded more asthmatic than ever. His wife was curled up on the sofa with a magazine, in her most becoming negligee. For a while she read in silence. Then she got up and went into the adjoining room.

"Stuart," she invited, as she laid a soft hand on his shoulder, "I wish you'd quit your old typewriting for a few minutes and read this story. It interested me. Possibly you might get an idea from it."

Reluctantly he suffered himself to be led from the typewriter to his easy-chair. With a bored expression he glanced at the title and the first few paragraphs.

As he read on, an odd look crept over his face. "Wh-why, Rita," he gasped. "this story is very like one I wrote, in plot and some incidents. Only it contains expressions and situations that I never would have thought of using."

"That's why I called your attention to it," she remarked demurely.

He read on and on. At last he sat up very straight in his chair, his eyes wide open.

"This is a truly remarkable coincidence," he declared. "Not only are the incidents very like mine, but the names are the same—general plot—why most of it might be my story!"

"It is yours," she quietly affirmed. From down in her waist she pulled out an envelope and handed it to him. "Read that," she commanded.

With limp fingers Stuart Bates smoothed the check and stared in amazement at its figures. "I don't understand," he faintly protested.

"Why, it's very simple, dear," she enlightened him. "I rewrote your story and sent it in under an assumed name, and they accepted it, that's all."

HE STARED again at the figures, as if unable to realize their import. "When I got my Doctor's degree," he mused, "I spent the best part of four years writing a treatise on 'The Effect of the Restoration on English Literature.' I sent it to an English magazine, and they paid me five pounds for it—almost six dollars for each year's work. And this—why, it's more for a few nights' work than for all those years of labor."

He caught her to him with a hug that hurt in its intensity. "I surrender," he declared. "I wish—you'd rewrite some more, if they're all going to turn out like this."

"I have," she assured him, with a kiss.

It was the beginning of a new day. Stuart Bates wrote rapidly and new ideas began to suggest themselves at every turn. His wife was unfailing in her criticism, and again and again she rewrote the stories that seemed to her too heavy and pendantic, adding a frothy leaven or a fresh viewpoint which made the tale acceptable in the magazine offices. Without writing skill herself, but possessed of an innate fund of fine common sense, she pared mercilessly at the extraneous, livened up the ponderous and stilted dialogue that her husband all too often wrote, and made human and living the cold and chiseled tales that he would have turned out, left to his own devices.

As the days went by, she had to do less and less of this. Her husband was expanding, and his stories of themselves approached more and more nearly the desired type. There came the day when she left story after story untouched. He was broadening out, also, intellectually, and his field spread to many more areas than the treasures of classical literature on which he dilated to his students.

Prosperity was also reflected in the Bates household. For the first time Mrs. Bates could have the good clothes that she wanted, and could see her husband wearing clothes of fine texture and cut. Her home became a place where little groups of students and faculty found it pleasant to drop in and be entertained. The little woman beamed happiness.

"Do you know, Stuart, dear?" she informed him one day, "we've made almost as much this year from your stories as from your salary at the college? Aren't you glad that your little wife popularized your work?"

"Ought to be," he laughed.

It was on a morning in early May when the first uncharted rock protruded from the current. Stuart Bates had just finished, as per order, a rather daring novelette which he fondly hoped would be the last amount required for the little car that the Bates family had coveted and planned to purchase for nearly a year. From the athletic field came the crack as bat met ball where the varsity nine was practicing, and behind Governor's Hall whiteclad figures were flashing about the tennis courts. President Maitland fell into step with the young professor.

"Good morning, Bates. A very good morning, too. Your classes over?"

"I finished lecturing to the Juniors on Marlow only a few moments ago."

The president of the college cast an approving eye on the trim, well-groomed figure of the younger man. "Bates," he pronounced, "I really have to congratulate you on your management of—let us say your personal affairs. Most of our younger men seem to have had difficulty in these last few years in—in making both ends meet. I really wish we could pay better salaries. But we have only about so much endowment, so much money to spend, are really stewards, so to speak. You have an admirable little home, take a leading part in the social life of the college, entertain the students freely—I congratulate you on the clever management of financial affairs."

PROFESSOR BATES smiled back at him. "Really, President Maitland, I couldn't do it, if I had to depend on my salary alone. It means that I have to spend a good part of my leisure time writing."

The gray-haired president nodded. "Many of us have to eke out our salaries in some other way—entirely legitimate, if it does not take too much time from the regular work. Of course, such writing may also tend to establish you more fully as an authority on English literature, too. Critical articles, I presume? An essay or two in the Atlantic Monthly, for example, by one of our professors would be, let us say, of service to the college, give it some extra prestige in the world of letters."

Bates shook a deprecating head. "Not quite that. I have devoted my spare time to fiction."

"Ah." The president pursed his lips. "Well, there is a field for fiction, the strong, masterly type, in these decadent days. So much of the modern fiction is of a type that is hardly creditable to the intelligence of the writer or the mind of the reader. I enjoy, for example, Hollis' Weekly greatly in my leisure hours. I shall be interested to see some of your work, Professor Bates."

"Not if I can help myself," thought Bates.

"I knew it, I knew it," he murmured to himself, as their paths diverged. "When I saw the new moon over my left shoulder last week I felt that something was going to happen before the month was out. If he ever gets hold——"

The current issues of Scintillating Stories had a tale from the joint pen of the Bates family that handled a daring subject in a daring manner. It was a strong story, tensely written, and one regarding which the editor had sent a fulsome little note of commendation along with a more than usually substantial check. Worst of all, characters and incidents were so thinly veiled that if it should fall into the hands of any of the Stanhope family it must perforce be recognized. In sending it out, Bates had taken the long chance that none of the dignified and critical members of the college staff would read a magazine of that kind.

It was only one chance in a thousand that the scapegrace son of the bewhiskered professor of ancient Greek smuggled a copy of this issue home, and good Mrs. Paton, by the same long arm of coincidence, in cleaning out his room, carried it in pious horror to Professor Paton.

It was also with the unerring finger of retribution that in glancing over it in wrathy condemnation, Professor Paton's eyes fell upon the story whose local

(Continued on Page 17.)

# TROUBLE ENOUGH! By Louise R. Hull

## Last Week's Story Told By Mary Alice.

A new detective who came to take Brooks' place resembled Young Dick so much that Cousin Christine, Fanny and I all welcomed him as the long lost son. What was my surprise to learn that this Harry Scott (Great Scott we called him) was an illegitimate son of the older Dick Jamieson! Several things came to light now. Fanny was arrested for destroying the will; it was discovered that the Rider "girl" was Ben Rider in disguise; moreover Young Dick reappeared at last and taking advantage of Harry Scott's resemblance, impersonated him by stealing his clothes and forcing the real Harry Scott to remain hidden in a secret cave. I was Young Dick's accomplice and by the device of a wire he had cleverly arranged to manipulate the cave door, I shut the detective in or let him out just as my lover directed, and we became so bold that Dick came and went almost at will.

### CHAPTER XIII.

### IN WHICH THERE ARE THREE PISTOL SHOTS.

HAVE you ever crossed the ocean and spent, say, one or two peaceful nights in a real bed, feeling so glad to get there, and then have some one ask you if you are still rocking? Have you inquired into the thing and been told that the majority of people keep on rocking in the real bed for several nights after leaving the ship's rocking berth? And then have you gone to bed and rocked and rocked and not been able to stop rocking?

Long after Young Dick had talked seriously to me of his Cousin Tom being the better man of the two, I heard his voice repeating the words, heard it when I couldn't go to sleep, heard it when I was in Dreamland. "If he finds Cousin Dick I'll be grateful and that is all," I told myself. How could he expect me to give up Young Dick? I would go to my grave unwed, if necessary, but I would never, never be false to Young Dick.

There seemed to me that there was an extra air of mystery over the house the next day. It began with Zack, promoted to waiting on the table, whispering in my ear: "Ef I was you, Miss Ma'y Alice, I'd 'vise Miss Fanny fo' to clear out, an' fo' Gawd's sake to wear a moostache."

Aunt Tilly brought up my tea, a very unusual undertaking, and I didn't feel sure that the tea wasn't slopped along the hall and up the steps and wouldn't have been surprised to find the teapot empty.

"I reckon you ain't got no time fo' to talk a spell to a ole black woman, say, has you, missy?" asked Aunt Tilly, humbly.

"Why, yes," I answered, very much surprised.

'You wouldn't mind ef I'd flop in de ugliest cheer I kin find?"

"You can flop in the prettiest if you wish," I said, and smiled.

"You is de loveliest little lady, an' you ain't so little neida sence you done growed," said Aunt Tilly, gratefully sinking into a rocking chair. "You's a little lady wid a hawt, too, an' somehow dey's rare dese days; dey's all jest fo' havin' a good time. You, po' little gal, you ain't had much chance fo' to have a good time yer at dis Ole Trouble Enough, but I don't blame yo fo, thinkin' heaps o' dat boy. Guess his mudda did spile 'im, but his pop let him alone. Dat ain't no way fo' to ack; dat ain't no half-kind o' way fo' to raise children. Dar's a whisper goin' round." She leaned forward, her own voice the hoarsest kind of a whisper.

I bent toward her, listening.

"Dat ole Rags ain't got no good sense fo' a dawg."

I was disappointed. "Why, what has Rags done, Aunt Tilly?" I asked.

"He's friendly wid de whole wide world," said Aunt Tilly, "dat wot he's done and dat's wot he keeps on doin'. You don't call dat good sense in a dawg, do you, missy?"

"No, I don't," I agreed heartily. "I thought once he was a good watch dog, but I don't think so any more."

"D'know," said Aunt Tilly, mysteriously, "I kind o' 'magine Rags is gittin' foolish. Dey say dese detectives wot's ben takin' de place has done formed de 'pinion dat dat pusson wot killed Mr. Joe, thinkin' he wah killin' de master o' Trouble Enough 'stid o' a pusson on his road to de crazy house, dey states dat him or her wot done de murder wah somebawdy dat Rags likes. Now dat ain't givin' no kind o' keeracter to Rags. He done 'low somebawdy to step in dar an' kill his master 'cause he like bof of 'em. None o' us niggas, not even Zack, see no reason in sech talkin. Now Rags has a special likeness fo' Zack but if Zack go in dat dar room an' make out he gunno shoot dat dar detective who's takin' de place, why I bet Rags up an' catch 'im hawd by his briches. An 'ef he don't he ain't got no dawg sense, no gumption, 'tall, I say. Ef he don't do it he's a crazy dawg."

"I agree with you, Aunt Tilly," I said.

"Reason is reason," said Aunt Tilly, almost preaching, "an' no cote o' law ain't gunno git ahead o' dat."

But she had something to tell me.

"Things has been happenin' quare in de kitchen," she said, speaking very mysteriously. "We ain't got but one white gal left sense dat dar Rider gal tunned hersef into de Rider boy, an' I wonder she ain't run back to de Brack Hills in a hurry. Dar ain't no writin' on de wall dat a pusson kin see, but dar's writin' on de wall all de same. Uncle Samson he say when you finds a dade man's body in a trunk de p'lice up an' tracks de man wot done it, an' he sees no reason why 'case dey didn't put Mr. Joe in a trunk an' 'spress him off somewhar dat de p'lice ain't brot de murderer to light. 'Tween you an' me Uncle Samson would like fo' to go out an' hep drag de Rider boy out'n prison an' lynch 'im, he say, an' Bob say too, dat boy ain't no use on de face o' de yearth nohow. Dese detective p'lice ain't proved much 'count, everybawdy sees dat. Wot dey done? Up an' hed de impedence to 'rest de proudest lady in de county an' one who holds her haid high an' would hold it higher ef dey wah leadin' her to de gibbet. Wot dey done? 'Rest Young Mr. Dick 'long wid Silly Billy! What dey done. Same as chased a young gemmin off from his home. Dey ain't found Mr. Dick. Bob say dey ain't gunno find 'im. Uncle Samson say dey's jest makin' out dey's busy an' dey doin' nuttin'.

"We's ben hearin' noises down in de kitchen, Miss Ma'y Alice. Dey ain't nachel, chile; dey got a ugly tune to 'em. But we niggas is gunno stick it out, we don't keer ef dat Brack Hills gal do take to her heels. Uncle Samson say dat dese noises is a-tellin' o 'deaf an' jedgment an' heaben an'—I dunno know—I dunno know."

"O, Aunt Tilly," I cried, "don't tell me any more, please!" And I stopped my ears.

"Has I skeered yo', missy?" she asked, bewildered. "I certain'y am sorry. I toiled up all dem steps from de kitchen fo' to ask you fo' to give somebawdy in de house a warnin'."

"Who?" I demanded.

"Miss Fanny."

"Why, Fanny isn't bothering about about anything," I said. "She isn't worried in the least."

"De detective p'lice ben talkin' to her," said Aunt Tilly.

"Or she to him," I said.

"She come yer when she wasn't much more'n a chile, her eyes poppin' out o' her haid," said Aunt Tilly, "an' she come to stick. She ben a good faithful lady's maid, Miss Fanny has, an' she ben kind to us niggas. We don't wanta see her hurt now. Dey 'rested her an' bailed her out—dat fo' rippin' up a will, wa'n't it?" She peered anxiously into my face. "Twan't fo' nuttin else?"

"For nothing else," I said.

"An' she wah bailed out? Dese is hawd times wen Trouble Enough's big people, too, is bailed out. Uncle Samson say we niggas ought fo' to rise up an' fight, but wot good dat do? Couldn't you 'suade Miss Fanny fo' to slip away an' maybe fo' to wear a moostache?"

"I'll tell her," I said, for I was getting right weary of Aunt Tilly's company.

"You'll give her de warnin'?"

"Yes."

"She done suffered enough fo' Trouble Enough," muttered Aunt Tilly, grunting out of her rocking chair and hobbling across the floor; "an' she wah always kind to de niggas."

I, TOO, saw Fanny frequently talking with the detective. I surmised that she was trying to make the young fellow believe that she had committed the crime, and that he wouldn't.

I told her what Aunt Tilly had visited me about and she laughed. She was very gay these times.

"I'll be glad when we get Miss Christine off to the sea," she said, changing the subject from herself as a criminal. "She wants me with her, but the trained nurse says no—and I'd rather stay. I have lived here a long, long time."

"Ever since you killed the cat and the chicken," I said. "Then, I suppose, your mother thought you sufficiently educated to go into service?"

"When you make up your mind to do a thing you can do it," said Fanny; "the making up of the mind is the tug of war."

"But I have made up my mind and have changed it," I said, dismally.

"Not always," she said.

"Sometimes is just as bad."

"No, it isn't," said Fanny. "Sometimes is all right." She did not seem to me like a servant; she seemed like some lofty spirit in human disguise.

"I told him not to come so often, Fanny, and he hasn't been here for weeks."

"Never you mind. Good times will come to Trouble Enough."

"He says if there's a stain on his name, he'll be a wanderer on the face of the earth, a wanderer and all alone."

"That isn't coming to pass," said Fanny.

Her eyes shone like stars; there was a rare sweetness about her lips.

I was crying and laughing together. "Fanny," I said, "Aunt Tilly says and Uncle Samson says and Bob says and Zack says that you ought to wear a mustache."

"And fly," said Fanny. "If the poor old soul toils up here again, you tell her, Miss Mary Alice, that I don't intend to do either. I'm here to stay as long as the——" I think she was going to say "the law allows," but she didn't; she said "as long as the Lord allows," and again the uplifted look was upon her.

Of course that night Silly Billy came beneath my window and said his prayer.

It was indeed a pity that the mistress of Trouble Enough hadn't been taken to the sea before our second awful, awful night. Aunt Tilly's writing on the wall, that could not be seen but was felt, had its meaning. A voodoo must have been around somewhere. The uncanny thing was in my room part of the time, or seemed to be, for my breath came in gasps and I could not go to sleep.

"Give her a warnin'." It was Aunt Tilly's voice. I was like a spoiled child. I thought feverishly that somebody should have kept the old woman from

tottering up to me with her gloomy forebodings; I had enough troubles of my own.

Then I fell into a fitful sleep and dreamed that Leila was patting my cheek and telling me that I was beautiful and would set the world on fire. I was in the south of France, of course. But the world that I was to set on fire seemed very narrow to me in my dream.

And it was narrow to me when I awoke, curling my lip at its memory. Set the world on fire! As tho I wanted to! I wanted peace and a home and little children. I was the kind of girl who needed some one to take care of me—and I, who had told him he came too often, was sick for the sight of Young Dick. A man living that sort of life found it hard to keep straight. Where was he now? What was he doing?

I THOUGHT I heard a shot. I did. I heard another and another.

I sat up in bed, trembling all over, and put my fingers into my ears.

My door was opened and some one came into the room, carrying a flashlight. Oh, the awful agony of the face above the flashlight.

"Did you hear?" whispered my Cousin Christine.

I took my fingers from my ears. "They—they came from that room." I whispered. "What is it?"

"I don't know, I am afraid," gasped Cousin Christine. Then she turned quickly, and, even tho terrorized, I saw her descending the steps.

"Call a man!" I gasped.

"The only man in the house is in there," she said. She was at the foot of the steps, I following. She was pointing steadily towards the door of Cousin Dick's apartment.

The sound of those shots had been heard in the yard-house where the negroes slept. They had been sitting up late, talking of voodoos and black magic. Old Uncle Samson, carrying a lantern, headed the crowd that came creeping thru the back door of the hall. He was shivering as with ague. Behind him loomed a group of frightened women and children and, last of all was Bob pushing Zack before him.

Where was Fanny?

I raised my voice and called "Fanny!"

"Fanny!" I shrieked. "Fanny!"

"I reckon she's done clared out," said Uncle Samson.

"Come on," said My Cousin Christine, and opened the door. She had opened the door once before; she could not find anything worse than that. "I guess," she said, turning to give the rest of us courage, "that some one was getting thru the window and Harry Scott shot. It may be nothing at all."

Then she turned the knob and opened the door.

We all filed in after her, Uncle Samson's woolly head bobbing and bowing, Aunt Tilly wobbling from side to side, Bob still pushing the cowardly Zack. As for me, I was just walking along in a dazed condition, incapable of doing anything but look.

"My Gawd!"

There on the pillow lay a beautiful dead face, with a splash of blood on the forehead. On the table was a pistol. Great Scott's own pistol that should have been under his pillow; it had been discharged three times, as we knew even then. Poor childish, incapable old Rags was licking the dead hand that hung out of the bed beside him.

Uncle Samson was the first to speak. "Now who done dis?" he quavered. A shadow passed the window, the door was opened silently, and silently Fanny came in. Her hair was wild and wind-blown, her eyes were like coals of fire. There was snow on her shoulders and there was snow on her shoes. She took her stand at the foot of the bed and bit her lips until the blood came.

Then in the midst of us there arose a woman's shriek:

"Merciful Father in Heaven, tell us which one it is!"

Cousin Christine was on her knees, roughly pushing old Rags away; she was chafing the dead hand that Rags had licked. "It is my boy!" she wailed. "I know it is my boy!"

Uncle Samson stepped forward. "No, ma'am," he said, "it ain't yo' boy; de 'semblance is 'markable, but 'tain't yo' boy, ma'am."

"No, ma'am, Miss Christine, 'tain't yo' boy," echoed Bob.

"It is, it is," shrieked Cousin Christine. "Think I don't know my own? I told you to stay away, darling; I told you it was dangerous. Oh, carry the little girl upstairs, his dear little brown girl; carry her upstairs quick!"

THERE was an awful face beside me; it was that of Fanny.

"He promised me he'd never come again," she whispered hoarsely.

But how could any of us be sure of Young Dick?

I do not know who it was that carried me upstairs when I swooned. I came to with a doctor holding my wrist and looking at his watch. I heard footsteps and voices thru the house.

"Who, who was it?" I whispered to the doctor.

"Harry Scott, the detective," he answered.

"Who did it?" I asked, staring into the kind bent face.

"God knows!" breathed the physician.

But, oh, only three people in the great big house of Trouble Enough knew of the visits of Young Dick, Wild Dick, who couldn't keep straight in the new life. Why hadn't I, at 18, gone to him and forced myself upon him, and taken him away, away—anywhere? Why had I come back in cowardice to Trouble Enough and waited—for this?

"My son! My son! My son!" All night long at intervals this cry of anguish rang thru the house. The doctor had not been able to quiet poor Cousin Christine. I felt that she must know, her mother-heart must tell her. I lay dry-eyed. By and by Fanny came to me. She fell on her knees by the bed. "He promised me he would never come back," she said, "and I was like a second mother to him. Oh, my boy! My boy!

"But we don't know for sure, Fanny," I said, with sudden remembrance; "we can't know for sure until I open the door of the cave."

She did not understand; she thought I was delirious. "Poor little girl," she said, "poor little girl, with all your life before you."

Then remembrance vanished. I was delirious for three days.

The murdered man had been buried as Harry Scott, the detective. The papers praised him as full of talent and integrity and regretted his loss.

At the end of three days my senses came back. I demanded to be taken to the woods to open the door of the cave. They thought I was delirious and sent for the doctor.

I opened my heart to this good man, and, wrapped in a great cloak, I was wheeled in Cousin Christine's chair to the spot; there was the string, but I couldn't tell whether the door of the cave was open or shut. I pulled the string, it seemed as if it worked, but I wasn't sure; I was dazed with apprehension.

"Now, if he's there he'll come out, is that it?" asked the doctor.

"We must wait a while," I said faintly.

"Well, he hasn't come out," said the doctor cheerfully, after a long and to me anxious waiting. "Young Dick's all right."

No, he hadn't come.

But the next day I was up and out in the woods. I must find that cave door down in the rocks. It is a wonder I didn't kill myself searching and searching. Young Dick had said one would think it was just a hole in the rock.

At last I found it. I went down on my hands and knees and crept in, a glimmer of light with me.

I saw a gleam of something. Was it the tip of a lighted cigar? I cried out sharply: "Who are you?"

"Who are you?" said a voice, a weak and weary voice, the voice of a man.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN WHICH MARY ALICE DECREES THE DEATH OF RAGS.

OF COURSE the voice of a man in this instance could be the voice of only one man, Great Scott, the detective, yet I did not scream or faint: I crawled on.

"I am Mary Alice Littlepage" I said dully, "I'll see to getting you out."

"Why, little brown girl!" cried the voice. "He said I could have a turn, turn about was fair play, but it wasn't fair play to forget me. I'll never believe anything else than that he forgot me, but, God! how could he do it?"

"He forgot you because he is dead," I said, the tears running down my cheeks, my arms around Young Dick. Then a head darkened the hole, Zack had been keeping an eye on me.

"Go to the house and bring help," I ordered.

Imagine the mad excitement at Trouble Enough! Young Dick was home! Young Dick was home, rescued from a cave on Trouble Enough that nobody but himself and I knew about; he was in bed, ill. I was allowed to sit by his bedside a little while each day and hold his hand but not to encourage him to talk. Cousin Christine's trained nurse was turned over to him.

The mad excitement changed to veiled or whispered excitement, arguments in low voices, doubts and fears and horrors. Another crime had been committed, and Young Dick was home! Who had committed this second crime?

The first detective returned to Trouble Enough. John Brisbane Jeremiah Brooks was a watchful man. Cousin Christine, her boy in the house, spoke of him no longer as John Brisbane Thingamabob Somebody; it was really pitiful to see her obsequiousness towards him.

In the mystery-shrouded kitchen the doubts and the fears and the horrors grew, and the love of "Miss Fanny" grew with them.

Again Aunt Tilly toiled up the steps to my room, again she pleaded for "a ugly cheer" and again sank gratefully into a comfortable one.

"You see, missy," she said, her eyes seeking mine, her finger shaking at me, "you see, it's dis way. Whar were Miss Fanny de night dat boy were killed? She wan't wid us, as you know, when we pushed into de room. She come in lack a spook an' her face were lack a dead face an' de snow give proof dat she didn't come from no upstairs. An' her talk sounded lack wild talk—but dat all ben 'splained. Dar were somethin' up 'tween de detective p'lice an'

(Continued on Page 19.)


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**By Our Direct Offer** —which does away with jobber's and dealer's profits—printing and mailing of costly catalogs—bookkeeping, collection expenses, losses, etc. on installment accounts—all of which must eventually come out of the retail customer's pocket—you will realize why we can sell a better machine for $39.75 than the installment house sells for $100, and still make a fair profit for ourselves.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
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| 9 | 23 | 1 | 14 | 20 |
| 20 | 15 | 23 | 9 | 14 |

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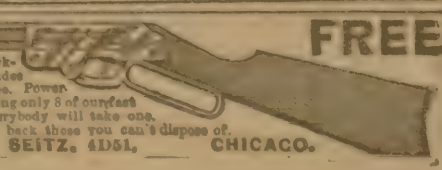

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# The King of a Cannibal Isle

BY

## GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

"I Am the King of the Cannibal Isle and I Want to Eat You."

I GOT it off a missionary—title guaranteed. I'd always been crazy for an island, and his shingle read "Real Estate. Islands bought and sold." And I couldn't resist that—being flush. I was just sucked off the street into his office like a straw in a whirlpool, and before I knew what was what, I was telling my needs to a girl in white linen who sat back of a rusty typewriter, and had brown eyes.

"I want an island big enough for two," I said.

"Sugar? Copra?"

"Nothing like that. Just an island to live on—spring water—a couple of mountains — a valley — palms — breadfruit—safe anchorage—small village of islanders untouched by rum or religion. What price, that?"

She pulled down a volume of charts, snapped it open on a big dusty table, and began to turn over the leaves, her eyebrows all puckery.

"Not too much out of the line of trade," I said, and bent over the book, too. She had a crisp tendril of hair that tickled me in the neck, and I wondered if she had a beau out of office hours. I wanted to put my arm around her waist. Ever feel that way about a girl you don't know from Eve?

There was a mirror on the wall beyond the table, and when I found that I could see her face in it, I quit following her finger up and down among the islands. Not that I didn't like her finger. But it's this way. If you take a shine to a girl there's none of her you wouldn't like to look at, but you like to look at her face most.

"What do you want to pay?" she asks all of a sudden. "Here's the description to a T—in the Friendly group—or nearly Sweetheart Island—but perhaps—wait a minute."

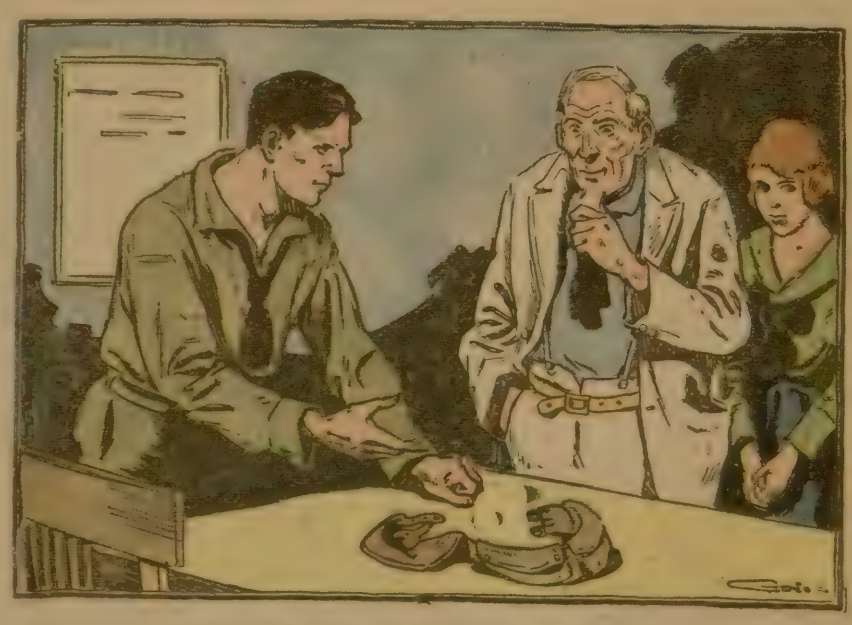
SHE went out on the porch and walked up to the boss—the Reverend Mr. Findly, and fetched him in. He had a beard like a goat, legs like a giraffe, a breath like a roadhouse, and he moved sideways like a crab. He couldn't have led me to salvation in a million years. Sot, hypocrite, and dollars was written all over him. And before he came in I'd seen him put down a Nick Carter on the porch table and take up a dark volume, that turned out to be sermons. He kept the title pointing at me.

"Miss Farraday informs me," he said, "that you wish to purchase an island. To be more specific, Sweetheart Island in the Friendly group. Well, I have a number of parties looking at that property, and whereas——"

But I looked into his fishy eyes and says: "I get you, Steve." He'd have blushed if there'd been any blood in his veins, but there wasn't so he turned the color of what was—to-wit, rum. And Miss Farraday, who was behind him, left rear—stuffed her wrist into her mouth to keep from laughing.

"What price—Sweetheart Island?" I said.

The Reverend pulled his legs more under him, so as to bring his head up to the six foot three mark, and looked down at me. His face said, "How much do I dare ask?" He thought it said.



I Took Off My Belt and Dropped It On the Table.

"Young man, don't take liberties with reverence and white hairs."

"The price," said Miss Farraday—still left rear—in a firm voice—"is three thousand dollars, title guaranteed."

The Reverend turned slowly and looked at her in pained astonishment.

"Three thousand dollars? Sweetheart Island? You must be crazy!"

But she had him.

"Shall I show it to you in your own handwriting?" she said. "That's the price you made for the Wilsons only this morning. The letter didn't go because you were out of stamps."

The Reverend let his legs go two ways, and came down to about five feet nine. He rum-colored again and mumbled something to his beard about a "shocking memory."

"Yours," I said, "or Miss Farraday's? Look here, Mr. Findly, I've beaten up and down the Islands for ten years. If I want an island for my own that's my business. But you can't put anything over on me. I like the looks of Sweetheart in the mi—on the chart. If the title's clear—I'll pay down two thousand cash—now. And if there's nothing doing, I'll wish you good morning, step down the street to the next real estate office and buy the same identical island—for fifteen hundred. My Good Lord, man—I wasn't turned six years—before I'd taught my own dear old grandmother how to suck eggs. Two thousand for Sweetheart! Going once—going twice."

"Gone!" said the Reverend. "Business at this time of year—is very dull—very dull indeed——"

"And the same," said I, "applies to May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February and March."

I TOOK off my belt and dropped it on the table. The Reverend's eyes twinkled at the thump.

"Count your money," I said, "and mind. I'm taking your word for the title."

Miss Farraday chipped in.

"It's really O. K.," she said. The Honolulu Trust and Title people are back of it."

I waved that aside.

"You guaranteed the title with your own lips a while since. That's what I'm going on."

The Reverend had sat at the table and was squeezing gold out of the belt. His fingers shook and he said something about it being a nuisance to work with stiff leather. Miss Farraday went back to her desk and sat down. "Can you come back in an hour?" she asked. "I'll have the papers ready."

"I can come back," I said, "if his nibs will guarantee to be asleep in his hammock."

"He will hardly stay awake," she said, "having now the wherewithal to put himself to sleep. But when do you move in?"

"Move in?"

"When you buy a house you move in. When you buy an island——"

"Oh," said I. "As to that—I'd like to get some dope. I've landed on islands, but I've never moved into one; and between you and me—but I'll spare your confidence for the present." She had frowned. I turned to the Reverend. "Have you done with my belt?"

He pushed it across the table. And I put it on. He had two thousand, all counted out in gold and bills, and he couldn't keep his shaky hands off 'em.

"My valise, Miss Farraday."

She fetched him a black satchel and he shoveled the money into it and started for the door.

"I'll just bank this before closing."

"How about a receipt?" I asked.

He turned at the door in disgust (or was it acute burning thirst), and when Miss Farraday had typed one he signed it and scuttled off sideways almost running.

"Do I wait," I said, "while you make out the paper, or do I come back?"

"Which you like."

"Do you realize that you sold me the Island? I never would have bought anything off of him alone. So you see to it that you get your commission."

"My what?"

"Commission—sure."

She looked up in my face and said:

"Look here. Do you think I'd be working for Mr. Findly if I didn't have to? I don't get commissions. I don't even get pay. I'm his sister's daughter, and she died and I was shipped out to him when I was a kiddie. Between you and me—but I will spare you confidence."

She began to fill out the blanks in a title deed.

"What name, please?"

"John Paul Folger."

"Address?"

"Sweetheart Island. No. Not yet. I have no address. I've made my pile, but I haven't made up my mind where to spend it. Between you and me—but I will spare you confidences."

SHE laughed right out at that, and it was like music. She pushed the papers away from her and leaned back.

"There's one thing we didn't tell you about Sweetheart——" she said. "You asked for a village of islanders untouched by rum and religion. And that is just the article we have supplied. But if you're expecting a toorylooral community of gentle fisher folk and agriculturists, I feel it my duty to inform you that the inhabitants of Sweetheart Island are cannibals. So when you move in, if you want to make a hit with them, you should be supplied with pepper and salt, onions, shallot and—matches. They to supply the driftwood and the kettle."

But I jumped up and rubbed my hands together. "I did think that some day I might own a really truly island. But I never dared dream that I should ever be King of a Cannibal Isle. It's too good to be true—I could eat it."

"How you can be such a child," she said, "and at the same time a successful man I don't gather."

"Between you and me——" I began. And then we both laughed.

"Off and on," I said presently, "during your life you've wanted something or other pretty bad—maybe riches—maybe horses—maybe jewels—gowns—hats. But hasn't there been some one

A Raucous Voice Came Singing Up the Street.

thing that's cropped up oftenest—set you almost crazy at times wishing it was yours? It's been the same with me—it began with Robinson Crusoe—Masterman Easy—Captain Brand of the Centipede. Treasure Island——" At each name she nodded her head, and her eyes got brighter and brighter—"I always wanted to be rich," I said. "Not for the sake of money, but so that I could buy with it a South Sea Island. I know well how they look—the palms trooping down from the mountains to paddle their feet in the surf, the brooks tumbling from the cliffs, the tree ferns gathering at the pools to be wet with the spray—the brown island children standing in the waterfalls wreathed with garlands—the older children strolling two and two among the shadows—vines growing while you look at them—flowers opening—and wonderful sweet smells moving about like lovely girls in a sort of celestial quadrille——"

"And only twenty-eight minutes from the Pennsylvania station," she said. "Did you make your money advertising Beautiful Northmere, a suburb on Long Island?"

"I did not," I said, "and you know it."

"Yes," she said. "I do. And I talked cheap—because—because the thing I've always wanted was always a South Sea Island—just like yours. When I was little I thought I was a boy and I read all those books you read—and then tho I found out I was only a girl—I didn't change. And now to see your dream come true—while mine's just as far off as ever—why I'm sick with jealousy—sick!"

In the South Seas if things move at all they move fast—winds, waves, fortunes, reputations, love affairs.

"My island," I said, "is yours for the asking."

"Talk sense," said she, but there was in her eye the beginning of the light which is not on sea or land.

"But the question," said I, hedging a little, "is this: Do you want to live on your island when you get it? I don't want to live on mine. I just want to know that I own it—that it's there!"

"Me, too," she said. "For living purposes give me beautiful Northmere—twenty-eight minutes from Broadway—a tight little house—neighbors—a tennis court— a round garden with a sundial—a patch of lawn, a private hedge, and—but I'm ashamed to say—no I'm not. In my picture there's a man in his shirt sleeves playing a hose—me looking on—and——"

"Stop," I said. "When I count three, let's both speak up at once and say the rest of what we see in our mind's eyes Are you ready? One, two, three."

And we both said, "Perambulator."

THEN we both gasped, as if we'd been a long time under water, and because things move fast in the South Seas we looked into each other's eyes deep—oh, so deep—without any more blushing or feeling foolish.

"Fill me out the deed," said I, "in both our names. We may never see our island—never set foot on it—but we'll always know that it's ours—that it's always there."

"Are we," she said, "by any chance, acting in too much of a hurry?" But she smiled.

"I have a stateroom," I said, "on the American Morn sailing for San Francisco in the morning. God knows I don't want to see you act in haste and repent at leisure. But the lights are white on Broadway and it's only twenty-eight minutes from beautiful Northmere I'm well off. I'm not old. I've got no disease. And we'd always have an island to talk about and plan about——"

A raucous voice came singing up the street.

We heard heavy shuffling steps. They entered the building, hesitated at the office door, and passed on. We heard them going up a flight of stairs and the voice that belonged to them still singing:

"We won't go home till morning
Till daylight doth appear."

Her pale face turned white, her eyes hard.

"My Uncle," she said, "coming back from—the bank."

"Fill in the deed," I said "with both our names."

She began to write.

I leaned beside her. Once more the tendril of crisp hair tickled my neck and I closed my eyes for sheer ecstacy. When I opened them I saw that she had written both our names. Then I whispered in her ear:

"I am the King of the Cannibal Isle and I want to eat you up!"

She said nothing, and I trembled closer.

"What is the answer?" I said

"The answer—why—why between you and me—but I will spare you confidences——"

## Back-seat Stuff.

**Characters, in the order of their importance: Mrs. Henry Baldwin, Mrs. Listner, Henry Baldwin.**

"NOW, HENRY, I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO AS FAST AS YOU DID THE OTHER DAY. MRS. LISTNER DOESN'T LIKE IT. Why, my dear, she overdid the thing outrageously. Her gown was the only one that was at all low. NO, HE DOESN'T. SHE TELLS ME HE NEVER DRIVES FASTER THAN SEVENTEEN. It was only a small, family party. Low? Well—why, in the back, positively nothing. TURN TO THE RIGHT HERE, DEARIE. WE'LL GO AROUND BY THE SHORE ROAD. I know; I'm used to those gowns that have nothing over the shoulders but a string of beads or a wisp of IT IS? WELL, WE'LL GO OUT PAST THE CREAMERY, THEN chiffon, but these beads were fastened to two points in front and merely went around her neck! I thought the front was low HENRY BALDWIN, THERE YOU ARE SPEEDING AGAIN. ONLY TWENTY? WELL, IT SEEMED MUCH FASTER THAN THAT TO ME until I saw the back; then it seemed high. What beauty she or the men HENRY, I DO WISH YOU'D TURN OUT FARTHER WHEN WE MEET THOSE BIG think they see in such a back—why, one could see her shoulder-blades; I heard that Ben Hinman called it her coming-out party; and the skirt HENRY! HENRY! WHAT IS THAT GRATING NOISE? IS THAT THE DEFERENTIAL? practically nothing; short, lace mostly, and so thin that OH, IT MAKES THAT NOISE WHEN WE GO SLOWLY? when she danced past the lights or stood in front of the fireplace —well, BUT THAT'S BETTER THAN SPEEDING RECKLESSLY AROUND CURVES AND COLLIDING WITH A TRUCK, OR DASHING OUR BRAINS OUT IN THAT RA—hundred and eighty-five dollars, I was told; Mrs. Fergusson; I don't know how she knew; imagine! for a TURN TO THE RIGHT HERE, DEARIE. Poor Henry, he has no sense of direction. YES, WE DO. WE ALWAYS DO gown like that; the whole thing wouldn't weigh a pound. Dress-shields? I should say not. Her IT IS NOT. IT'S ON THE WEST ROAD. WHY, MY DEAR—SOUND YOUR HORN, HENRY BALDWIN—husband's salary has always been small; economize on other things? Yes; petticoats, I should judge, and NOT SO FAST, DEAR, DOWN THIS HILL the men all buzzing around like perfect fools. I just wouldn't let Henry dance with her and put his hand YOU'D BETTER SLOW DOWN AND LET THIS BIG CAR PASS US on that woman's bare back, and there was no other place to put it. Yes, the other men did, and it made an awful DUST! YES, INDEED. IT'S TERRIBLE. HENRY, CAN'T WE HURRY UP AND PASS THEM AND GET OUT OF THIS CLOUD? red spot before the evening was half HENRY BALDWIN, THERE YOU ARE SPEEDING AGAIN. You know, last week I let Henry go to the automobile races, and ever since he's seemed to think he's a Barney Oldpoint or something.—Life.

## Stenographers.

MR. DINGLE, junior member of the firm of Spink & Dingle, was at his desk when Spink entered, placed his hat and coat on the rack and sat down at his desk.

"Spink, ol' top," began Dingle, "you don't need to do any more worrying about the new stenographer we wanted. I have just engaged one who will fill the position as it should be filled. She passed out as you came in."

"Yes, and I almost passed out as I came in," snapped Spink. "Do you mean that you have employed as a stenographer that million dollar looking female, that lady with the sealskin coat and everything else to match?"

"Yep," replied Dingle. "She's the new stenographer. Wants a few days to settle up some business matters before she takes the position; after that she'll be in our employ. At least she says she will give us a trial, and if we suit she'll accept the place for a stipulated time at a suitable emolument."

"Dingle.," gasped Spink "she's not a stenographer, she's a business woman. Instead of dictating to her we would be taking dictation from her. Besides, she's too beautiful to have to work under artificial light in this office all day. Tell her that when she comes back to sign her contract."

"Spink," said Dingle, "do you mean to say that any girl is too beautiful to work for this firm? Is anything too good for the leading concern in our line? Shall we have her go over to a rival and make their place a Mecca, what they say, for all the customers who like personality and beauty, which this young lady has and which will draw trade? In meeting people and making an impression think how strong she'd be. I found it out, and I talked with her only five minutes. Can you imagine if I was an out of town buyer and came in here a stranger and talked with her for an hour while you and I were too busy to come out of our office? If I was that chap I would want to buy out the place, let alone give an order."

"Listen, Dingle," pleaded Spink. "I am older than you by many years. In fact, I am old enough to be your cousin. You don't see things thru the same spectacles. Do you realize that she should be stenographing while you would have her talking pretty to that out of town buyer? She can't do both."

"I wouldn't ask her to do both," snapped Dingle.

"Why, I thought you said you were going to engage her as a stenographer?"

"It would only be a temporary engagement, Spink. If I can get a mutual friend to introduce us I'm sure you'll hear about another kind of an engagement. She is too beautiful for this office, or any other office—you were right. I'm going to marry her if she'll let me."

"Then I'll engage a stenographer," said Spink; "one you won't want to marry."

### A Man Among Men.

"I beg your pardon, but are you girls going east?" inquired the nice-looking man as he leaned over the wheel of his Packillac in front of a Green street sorority house.

"Oh, yes," gurgled one of the two coeds, as she reached a daintily-booted foot for the running board.

"Thank you, so much. I never can keep my directions straight in Champaign."

And the car glided away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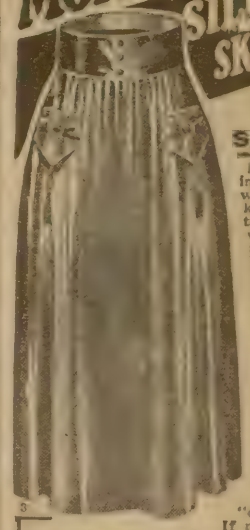

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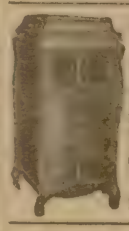

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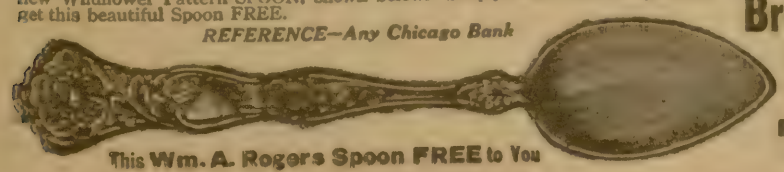

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# The Desert's Web

(Continued From Page 4)

and Slade is a sticker; he never fails. Wellington's threat in this letter is enough to land him in prison again, and Slade will get him—don't worry."

DOUVAL shrugged his shoulders dubiously. "I'm betting that Slade finds it no easy matter to keep his eye on the 'wolf' and that the 'wolf' puts something over on us."

Stonewell laughed easily. "Nervous, eh? By the way, where is this town of Hickson, California? It isn't on our road, is it?"

"No. Hickson is a small mining town about thirty miles from Coulee Junction on our line. Wild country, I am told."

"So the 'wolf' is headed for the tall timber already, eh?"

"Evidently," Douval replied nervously. "And his presence in that region doesn't mean anything good, for the Southern Triangle Railway Company, either."

While President Douval and Chief Special Agent Stonewell were discussing pro and con the likelihood of Wellington making good his threats, several western daily papers were featuring the new bandit's letter to Douval on the front pages of their papers.

Six days later a pay car of the S. T. Company was held up on its mountain division by a lone bandit. Paymaster Rex Wells had been warned and was not unprepared, but in the gun fight that followed he was killed and one of his assistants was severely wounded by the masked bandit. The highwayman, when last seen, was riding away on a large bay horse. He had failed to "collect" on his first attempt.

Detective Tim Slade's report to Chief Stonewell was to the effect that he, Slade, had lost Wellington's trail somewhere in the mountains. Later he had sighted a man riding a bay animal, and, supposing the rider was Wellington, had followed him to the little town of Danforth, California, where he discovered that the rider was an old hunter riding a large bay mule. He reached Danforth just in time to meet the westbound train, on which was the paycar and the body of Rex Wells. The unsuccessful attempt at robbery had been made two hours previously at a point in the mountains thirty-five miles from Danforth.

A reward of $10,000 was immediately offered by the Southern Triangle Railway Company for the capture, dead or alive, of James—"Wolf"—Wellington. Telegraphic descriptions of the ex-convict were sent to police, detectives and sheriffs along the line of the S. T., and more Company "dicks" were dispatched by special train from San Francisco to take the bandit's trail at the scene of the attempted robbery of the paycar.

In the meantime, and only five hours after the murder of the paymaster, a masked bandit entered the station at Rockwell, California, twenty miles from the scene of the pay car tragedy, and, after disarming and lining up against the wall a dozen or more tourists and company employes, forced the station agent to open the safe and disgorge its contents, amounting to less than $1,000. After extracting the cartridges from the firearms of various sizes and descriptions, the robber returned said firearms to their respective owners and leisurely left the station house, mounted a large bay horse and rode away into the timber. A population of 3,000 law-abiding citizens of Rockwell were blissfully unaware of what had happened at their station until the bandit was well into the heavy timber.

And Slade? Well, he had picked up the bandit's trail at the scene of the pay car fracas and was riding a large black stallion toward Rockwell when the Rockwell stunt was pulled. He arrived there an hour late and immediately dispatched a telegram to C. P. A. Stonewell, in which he explained how it happened.

FOLLOWED two weeks of comparative quiet along the mountain division of the Southern Triangle Railway. Man hunters were everywhere in the rough country, and one deputy sheriff, prowling about thru the hills on a lone hunt for the "wolf," was shot thru the leg by another sleuth on the same mission. It was a sample case of nervousness and mistaken identity. And masked bandits riding bay horses, there were dozens of 'em, if reports to that effect could be credited. The man on a large bay horse was seen, or reported as having been seen, by homesteaders, prospectors, hunters and nervous women in every mountain village or farm. Night operators at the abbreviated stations far out in the vast mountain solitudes along the line of the S. T. started violently at any unusual sound and wished devoutly that they had other means of livelihood where there was life, lights and police protection.

No word from Slade for two weeks. He, like the bandit, had apparently dematerialized somewhere out on the range, his last appearance being at Rockwell. However, Slade was raised in the mountains of the West, and could, if it became necessary, live like an Indian trailer—long rides, little sleep, little food and a dogged determination to track down his man.

The bandit appeared next at the town of Allenton, Nevada, which nestled in a rich valley in the Sierra Nevada range and on the Allenton branch of the S. T. railroad. Allenton was more than 400 miles from Rockwell, California, where the bandit was last seen.

The visit to Allenton was made in the early hours of the morning and the station house was the visitor's objective. Here again he was foiled, as the operator did not know the combination of the safe and could not hand over the company funds. The operator received a violent blow from a heavy fist as the disappointed hold-up man left the station. The night marshal of Allenton stated positively on his death bed that the man who shot him wore a mask and was riding a large bay horse when he, the marshal, attempted to inquire into the stranger's business in Allenton.

It was the day following the attempted robbery at Allenton that a party of prospectors arrived in the town of Sandstone, Nevada, with Detective Tim Slade. The one physician at Sandstone, after probing about in Slade's anatomy, extracted a 45-caliber bullet from the detective's right shoulder and another bullet of the same size from his left thigh. Sandstone was an isolated mining camp thirty miles from Allenton.

Slade, according to his report to Chief Special Agent Stonewell, had experienced much difficulty in trailing the bandit thru the thinly settled mountains. He had managed, however, to follow the man by picking up here and there from a prospector or hunter bits of information. The bandit, it seems, in spite of his elusiveness, had followed well beaten trails thru the mountains, tho doing most of his traveling at night. He had been seen several times by as many hunters, but he had been seen at a distance, riding a large bay horse, and always went into timber when he saw any one else on the trail.

It was two weeks after the Rockwell station robbery that Slade became aware that he was not many miles behind the fugitive. The detective had halted in the evening at the cabin of a lone trapper far back in the mountain fastness, arriving there only several minutes after the arrival home of the trapper, who had been cutting fire wood in the timber about a mile from his cabin. Slade had entered the cabin to find the old trapper standing before a small table on which lay a pair of old muddy shoes and $150 in bank notes. The fur catcher was loudly and repeatedly reciting the complete glossary of backwoods cuss words. The cause of this profane outburst, Slade discovered, was the shoes on the table, the bank notes, and a short message which was written on the immaculately scoured table top. The written message on the smooth boards read something like this:

Dear Sir:—I regret very much that I must deprive you of all your bacon, some of your salt, most of your small store of sugar, half of your coffee, your small coffee pot, three boxes of matches, your new boots, two pairs of socks (dirty), one shirt (clean), your thirty-thirty rifle and five boxes of cartridges for same.

Am leaving $150 in payment for the above mentioned commodities. The money is not tainted. I earned every penny of it more than ten years ago, and the State of Califfornia, in which I recently finished a prison term, returned the money to me when I was released. When I collect all the money due me from the Southern Triangle Railway Company I will send you more.

"WOLF" WELLINGTON.

THE trapper told the detective that he had not been away from the cabin more than a half hour. He also agreed that the money left by the bandit was a good price for the articles taken; but, he contended, any man who would leave a muddy pair of shoes on a table from which another man must eat his meals was a filthy tramp and ought to be back in the pen. The heavy writing, too, on the clean boards of the table top was an insult added to injury. Trappers and


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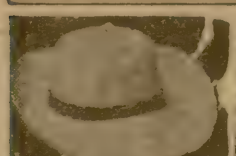

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prospectors are very often as fussy as old maids in matters of housekeeping.

Slade had little difficulty in recognizing the handwriting on the table as that of Wellington. The [illegible] mistakably convict-made and of the kind given to discharged prisoners at Malden prison.

While the trapper continued to grumble about ill-mannered bandits, Slade had rushed from the cabin, mounted his tired horse and again took up the hunt. He reasoned that the outlaw could not be more than five miles ahead of him. Several hours later, as his horse picked its way over the rough mountain trail, he heard not far ahead of him the unmistakable sound of horses' hoof. Leaving the trail the detective had made a wide circle thru the timber and again came into the trail. He had hoped to again gain the trail at a point ahead of the bandit. He did—with the above mentioned results, a bullet in his right shoulder and another in his left thigh. Even as he fell from his mount he heard a derisive laugh and saw the bandit disappear into the timber on his large bay horse.

Luckily, a party of prospectors happened along the trail shortly after the shooting and obligingly took the wounded detective to Sandstone.

It was three days after the Allenton outlaw's unsuccessful attempt to rob the Allenton station that Sheriff Denton returned to his home in Allenton. He had promised upon leaving the little town to return with the "wolf." Instead, he returned very tired and hungry. He had, however, seen Wellington and had succeeded in placing a rifle ball somewhere in the ex-convict's anatomy; had actually seen Wellington tumble from his horse after he, Denton, had taken several long-range shots at him with the rifle. Wellington had again risen, mounted the large bay and succeeded in gaining a thick undergrowth on a mountain side. Denton had found blood on the trail where the man had fallen, and, following the crimson spots to the heavy brush, found the spot where the wounded man had dismounted evidently to give himself first aid. Parts of a bloody shirt the sheriff found and a thirty-thirty rifle which the fleeing man had probably forgotten in his haste.

The remains of the shirt were later identified as one of the many given to prisoners upon release from Malden prison. The rifle was identified as the property of the trapper, whose cabin Wellington had visited.

A month passed. Many man hunters yet roamed the wild places in the mountains in search of "Wolf" Wellington, the man who, tho his flesh may long since have fed the wild things of the mountains, his bones and a positive identification of them were worth $10,000. The reward was for Wellington, dead or alive, and the reward stood. Where was this human being with the heart of a wolf who had killed two men, wounded two others and robbed the station house at Rockwell, California? Had Sheriff Denton's bullet done the work? Had "Wolf" Wellington, the heartless, wounded and at bay, taken his own miserable life out there in the hills? People wondered; newspapers commented on it; old-timers and manhunters discussed it as they sat about the stove in the general store or drank to the health of the men who, like relentless bloodhounds haunted the trail of the outlaw. Where was "Wolf" Wellington?

## CHAPTER III.
### WHERE SIRENS SING.

SPEAK of Black Desert to a gold hunter of the southwest and he shudders. Then may one expect to hear from him many stories of the Black Desert's terrible toll of lives; of the prospectors, perfectly equipped, ready for the battle for gold, who waved a farewell to their friends and disappeared in Black Desert never to return; of the rescue parties who went in search of them, and, like them for whom they searched, perished. He will undoubtedly tell you of Ike Dettimere, the famous nomad philosopher of the southwest, who went forth into the death jaws of Black Desert with a gay song on his lips, leaving a promise to the world to wrest from that shimmering, scorching land of [illegible] lava beds, rattlesnakes and poison springs its golden secret. He had kept his promise, Ike had; but months later his bleached bones and those of his burro were found within ten miles of the green mountains and civilization, and near the bones reposed two stout canvas bags filled with yellow nuggets of gold. Ike had taken his secret with him to the place where all good prospectors go.

Others had gone out there to take Ike's claim. Some of them returned, bleareyed, half crazed, tongues swollen and parched, broken utterly and muttering strange things; some of them had followed Ike's trail on thru to gold—and eternity.

Yes, Black Desert was a spot despised by those who dreamed of gold and searched for gold. But even in their hate they had ultimately taken a chance with the despised—and lost.

However, nature, perhaps regretting her creation of this black blotch of death, where wicked sirens sang, had touched just once the barren waste with a caressing hand of mercy, and there where her relenting hand had touched was Oasis Verde. Forty miles out on the desert it was. Like a green, cool island in a sea of hot poison, Oasis Verde was a beacon of hope and encouragement to the wandering mortals who dreamed of gold, ease, plenty. To them it was as a great electric sign emblazoned across the sky and proclaiming to a burning world, "Water! Water!" Yet, many experienced gold seekers of the desert, whose minds had become askew thru exposure, heat, hunger and thirst, had muttered thru lips that bled, "mirage," and passed Oasis Verde by to join Ike Dettimere.

Oasis Verde was once the home of a successful author, who, grown weary of the shams and conventionalities of his social set in the East, had flown to the desert for peace, solitude and uninterrupted hours of concentration. Later, when more fame and gold had been heaped upon his narrow literary shoulders by a fickle public, he was again lured away to the bright lights and giddy swirl of New York's Bohemia. Before leaving, however, he must dispose of Oasis Verde. To expedite this transaction he had enlisted the aid of his intimate friend and old college pal Hallworthy Douval, at that time superintendent of the mountain division of the Southern Triangle Railway.

DOUVAL told the truth when he whispered in his friend's ear that the S. T. Company intended to construct a road from the town of Allenton, thru Burro Gap, over the low Eagle range of mountains and across the southwestern portion of Black Desert to the town of Realization near the desert's edge. Realization was the outfitting point for a rich mineral district to the south, and several mines were even then in operation near the town. Douval had also mentioned—incidentally—that the new railroad would touch Oasis Verde. What a tip to whisper to a prospective purchaser of the oasis!

Of the several hundred homeseekers and speculators who investigated the Oasis Verde proposition, Daniel McAllister, a California farmer, was the successful bidder. To raise the necessary funds with which to purchase the coveted 400 acres of rich oasis, McAllister disposed of all his California holdings. Even then he owed $7,000 on the debt and the deed was to remain in the hands of the author, along with a mortgage on the oasis. So, with high hopes and dreams of a unique and profitable resort for eastern tourists, McAllister, with his wife, grown son and 9-year-old daughter, moved to his new home.

Two years passed. The new line of the Southern Triangle Railway failed to appear. The $7,000 remaining due on the oasis fell due and McAllister was forced to remortgage the place for a larger sum to pay off the first obligation. There was no market for his farm produce, as to transport it over forty miles of desert was out of the question. The coming of the railroad was his only hope.

Then McAllister's son, Amos, went forth into the desert to seek out its hidden gold. He returned a month later hollow-eyed, gaunt, half starved to confess, brokenly, that the desert had beaten him. The relentless sun and sands of Black Desert had wrought an awful change in the young man. McAllister shook his


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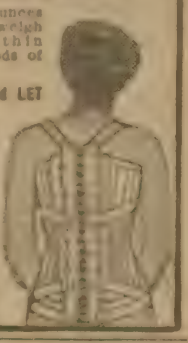

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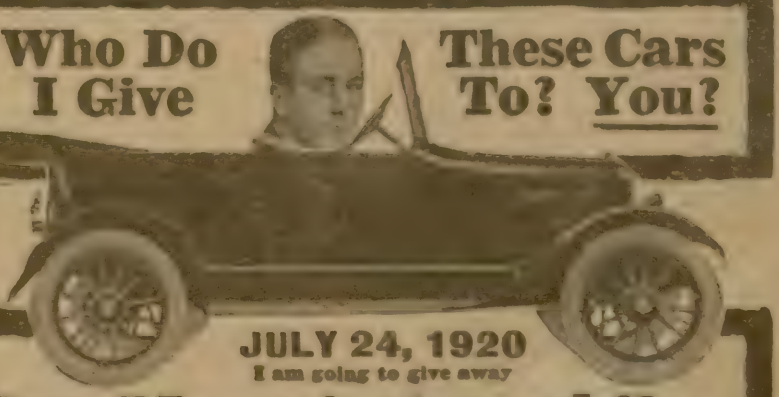

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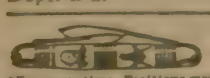

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head sadly and confided to his patient wife that something in their son's mind had snapped under the strain. The young man brooded much during his convalescense and was wont to mutter to himself as he gazed away over the desert. Amos McAllister was another victim of the desert. Old gold seekers of the desert regions call it "desert fever," a terrible fear of the desert, yet a mania to beat it which will ultimately lead them to their death.

So again young McAllister packed his burro, and despite the protests of his parents and his little sister, disappeared in the dancing heat waves of the desert. Oasis Verde saw him no more.

One day, four years after moving onto the oasis and little more than a year following his son's disappearance, McAllister stood over a newly-made grave in the little dell near his cottage. His 15-year-old daughter sobbed convulsively in his arms and at his feet beneath the sod of Oasis Verde slept his wife. They, father and daughter, far from sympathetic hearts and unknown to the outside world, were bearing their sorrow alone.

Five years more and no railroad. The Miners' Bank at Realization was crowding McAllister for the money loaned him on Oasis Verde. The money, according to the terms of the contract, should have been paid several years previously. The time had been extended only thru the efforts of young Basil Winton, whose father was a rich mine owner of Realization and president of the Miners' Bank.

Young Winton's efforts in behalf of the sorely tried McAllister were actuated by an unclean infatuation for Ruth McAllister. A lavish spender, faultlessly mannered, good looking and college bred, was young Basil Winton; but the painted denizens of the dives and gambling houses of Realization knew him well, as did also the gaming tables and mahogany bars of the wide-open mining town. His great white racing car had many times traversed the sands of Black Desert between Realization and Oasis Verde, tho his visits to the McAllister home were not keenly welcomed by either McAllister or by Ruth of the sober gray eyes, chestnut brown hair and rare sun-kissed beauty. McAllister knew the young man by his reputation in town as a "good fellow;" Ruth knew him thru the intuition of her clean soul.

Basil had proposed, of course—repeatedly—and Ruth's rejections were at first firm but tactful. Time, however, and a realization that their oasis home was slipping from them, was bringing the girl to her knees for her father's sake. Her rejections of young Winton were growing less emphatic, tho love for him was playing no part in the little drama.

### CHAPTER IV.
### LOST AND FOUND.

DAY was breaking gray and dismal over Black Desert. Already on the far eastern horizon a glow of red had appeared which deepened in the hue until, thru the horizon, the sun appeared. Like a great ball of fire it rose higher and like an angry god frowned upon the desolate stretches of sand, jutting masses of black lava and the draws and coulees of the land that God forgot. On the morning air arose the last shrill notes of a lone coyote. In another hour the heavy dew on the low scrub sage will have been greedily absorbed by the dry atmosphere; the chill night will have flown before the approach-day of merciless heat.

Standing on top of one of the many ugly heaps of black lava one will see nothing—nothing but the broken, black jagged expanse that chills the hearts of strong men and dampens the ardor of the most adventurous souls. Not a moving, living thing; not a—yes, there it is, a horse; a once magnificent bay, but now a gaunt, lean creature with head hanging low, ears lagging forward, legs far apart, as if the weight of the emaciated body was too heavy for them; a picture of utter defeat and despair.

Then the man. From some hidden hollow in the black lava near the horse he emerged. And what a man! Like the horse, he was a living portrayal of starvation—but not despair. Once a well proportioned man of strength and virility, he was now a tall, lean mortal, on whose frame a pair of dirty bib overalls and an old tattered coat flapped about as he approached the horse. In his hand he carried a canvas water bag in which was a scant quart or two of stale water. A two months' growth of unkempt black beard, together with a head of heavy black hair that was in sore need of a trimming, added greatly to the picture of unrealized hopes. A once black felt hat that sun and weather had beaten into a shapeless thing of dirty brown, hung limply over his ears and shaded a pair of blue eyes, in which smoldered the fire of an unconquerable spirit.

**Have you looked under the flapping old black hat and guessed whose eyes it shaded? Yes? Then you are waiting eagerly for the next installment, which begins with a speech from "Wolf" to his horse. And that short speech reveals the true man. Now, Mr. Reader, don't say we never confide in you!**

# Queered in the Quaker City

(Continued From Page 8)

motorcycles, the muscular men pedaling their wheels behind them at a sixty-miles-an-hour clip, the thrilling music of the band, and the tremendous enthusiasm of the spectators were all equal factors in a scene that would have stirred the blood of a dead man.

An official swung a white flag to indicate that the last mile was reached. Every man and woman in that vast enclosure rose, the cheers suddenly stilled in their throats; their hearts thumping and hammering with excitement.

THE world had gone blank around Dave Kelvin. All he knew was that he was on the last mile, and that he must ride as he never rode before if he was to win the race. He did not know that he had drawn up beside Carstairs; that with their wheels scarcely a yard apart they were battling into the last lap in such a race as all Sportdom had never seen.

Around the big track they tore; to the eyes of the spectators opposite like mannikins balanced on the shining boards. The only sound now was the rifle-like rattle of motors; even the musicians were silent, and sat gaping.

There was not a hair's breadth of advantage between Kelvin and Carstairs, nor was there more determination in the exhausted face of the one than the other. The suspense was unbearable. Many a man was mentally fighting the battle of the riders out there on the track, with twitching face and surging body.

It could not last forever. Perhaps some instinct whispered to Dave that the finish was scarcely fifty yards away. Perhaps it was that fabled sixth sense, for the world was but a mist, peopled with phantoms. The warning came, and he threw the last tattered shreds of his strength into the balance.

It wavered for a moment, and then, urged by that last desperate exertion, Kelvin's wheel shot forward, until the red and black jersey flashed over the line a scant foot in advance of the yellow.

Steuermann drew a long breath, wiped the sweat from his fat face, and, with a sneer etched on his lips, walked out of the motordrome.

### CHAPTER IX.
### SHEEHAN'S INTERVENTION.

STEUERMANN, with Bill Sheehan tagging at heel, strolled into the lobby of the Majestic later in the evening. He nodded casually toward several acquaintances, then crossed to the desk and spoke to the clerk.

"That envelope I left here last night," he said, "when I was here with Mr. Stannard, remember? I want it."

As the promoter was a valued patron of the house there could be no cavil, but the clerk's slight hesitation before going to the safe was natural enough. He understood that there had been a bet, and under ordinary circumstances he would have refused to return it save in the presence of Mr. Stannard.

"It's perfectly all right," Steuermann added hastily. "Mr. Stannard would have come along, you understand, but he was dangerously hurt in tonight's motor-paced race. Oh, he'll get over it in time, maybe——" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

With the envelope containing two certified checks for ten thousand dollars each, and the agreement to exonerate Dave Kelvin, in the inside of his frock coat, Steuermann waddled down to the grill. Feeling elated, Max ordered champagne, and leered knowingly across the table at Sheehan.

"A big day, Bill," he grinned. "If Stannard ever gets well he'll be afraid to talk about this bet; if he dies, nobody knows, so I keep the twenty thousand anyway. And besides, I get back at Kelvin. LeBaron was handed the frosty mitt by Stannard's sister, and he tells me already that Kelvin and Miss Stannard would get married just as soon as Dave proves he didn't steal—what he was supposed to have stole."

"Yeh," said Sheehan, "and you're goin' to keep the money, and say nothin' about Kelvin bein' innocent?"

"An idee! You're right, Bill."

"What've got against Kelvin? I can't dope out why you went to the expense o' bringin' him here, then turn around, and do everything you can to hurt him."

A purple flush tinged Steuermann's fat cheeks. "I'll tell you. On the Overland Express, coming East, I figured on fixing


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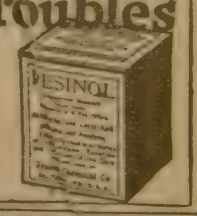


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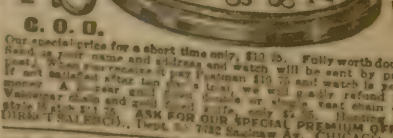


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him after a certain thing happened. Before that he looked like ready money to me. Afterward I didn't care."

"What was it?"

"There was an actress on the train, and, of course, I wanted to get acquainted. I says to Kelvin, 'Some chicken!' and he says, 'Leave the lady alone. This ain't no chicken country.' I know actresses. They're all alike, so I invited her to lunch in the dining car. She pretended to get huffy, and then Kelvin came along, took me—me, mind you!——" his voice rose in a falsetto shriek—"took me by the ear, and marched me off, like I was some d—n kid. For that I'll make him sweat if I die for it."

THE grin slowly faded from the gunbully's face, and he leaned across the table, his black eyes focusing on the shifty ones of Mr. Steuermann.

"Listen to me for a minit," he said grimly. "You know the rep I had in Las Vegas and Placer City, or you wouldn't have hired me after seein', the way Dave Kelvin hauled me around. Kelvin's the only man that ever did that, and because he did I respect him. If you was goin' after him with your hands or a gun I wouldn't say a word, for it'd be man to man, and I'd back him against a hundred like you. But this sneakin' underhand work don't get across with me. You're stealin' his money and stabbin' him in the dark. I ain't goin' to let you get away with it. Savvy?"

The promoter's jaw dropped, and he stared at Bill Sheehan in wild-eyed amazement.

"W-w-what's the idee?" he gurgled.

"Just this. You're goin' to call up every newspaper in town and ask them to give a spread to the fact that Dave Kelvin never touched a penny of the Quaker Engineerin' Company's money. You're goin' to tear up that check o' Stannard's, and write another payable to the order of Dave Kelvin for the amount he gave you. Then you're goin' up with me to Stannard's house and tell Miss Marion that Dave is innocent—and you won't say a word about her brother bein' the guilty party, either."

Steuermann tried to brazen it out. "For once you fool yourself, Bill. I won't do any of those things, and to show that I don't hold any hard feelin's because you talked that way, I'll give you one thousand nice new dollars——"

"To hell with your thousand!" said Sheehan, profanely. "If you don't do as I tell you your only monument'll be a notch on my gun. I'll soak a bullet into you so fast that it won't stop 'till it hits the wall on the other side. It takes nerve to kill a man, but I got it, and unless you obey——"

The promoter licked his dry lips and peeped furtively up at the gunman, who had risen menacingly. He was horribly afraid. The anger at losing $20,000 was swallowed up in sheer physical terror. Never before in all his life had he been so faint.

"—I'll do whatever you want, Bill," he gulped.

THE physician came out of the sick room, smiling reassuringly. "You need not worry, Miss Stannard," he said, "your brother will in all probability be confined to his bed for a month or more, but there is no question as to his ultimate recovery."

Marion drew a deep, quivering breath, and her fingers tightened over Dave's. She felt so alone; so like a little girl whose heart is "full of a number of things."

The English butler entered, his nose tilted at an indignant angle. "Mr. Steuermann h'and Mr. Sheehan," he announced, "hi's h'it your pleasure to see h'em, madam?"

The girl looked inquiringly at Kelvin, who took the matter on himself. Perhaps they came to betray Stannard, or—"I'll see them," he said. With a quick, decisive step that spelled trouble, he entered the drawing-room.

"Well?"

Sheehan grinned in a rather embarrassed manner. In a few brusque sentences he sketched the bet Stannard had made and the treachery Steuermann intended. "I told you once I'd help you whenever I could," the Westerner finished, "so I brought this rat here to make you white with Miss Stannard. Here's the checks—one of 'em rightfully belongs to you, the other to Mr. Stannard. Now, Steuermann's goin' in there and tell your girl that you ain't what everybody thinks. We'll stay here and see that he tells it right. G'wan, you!"

Rather shakily the promoter brushed aside the portieres and walked into the room where Marion waited. They could hear his nervous voice clicking out its tale—the story that completely exonerated Dave.

Kelvin turned and crushed the gunman's hand in a grip of iron. "I owe you more than I can ever repay, Sheehan. If there is any way——"

"Forget it, forget it!" "Bad Bill" turned red as a boiled lobster. "I was glad to do it. I said I'd plug him with a bullet if he didn't come and it scared him so I nearly had to carry him out in a taxi. He was so sure he was goin' to get it that it sickened him. And the funniest part is——" the gun bully lowered his voice confidentially——"tho I got a rep from Las Vegas to Placer City for bein' a bad man I ain't never killed nobody yet. Here comes Steuermann now. Goodbye—and if I can do anything more just call on Bill Sheehan."

When they had gone Kelvin turned back from the door and saw Marion watching him across the room. Very quietly she came to his side and slipped her hand into his.

"I'm thru waiting, Dave," she whispered.

The End.

# The Unregenerate.

(Continued From Page 10.)

allusions were not lost on him. In wonder at the similarity of the incidents, he carried the magazine to President Maitland.

The astute and venerable college head, his suspicions quick to form thru long years of dealing with students of all kinds, was not slow in twisting the tangled threads together. Only a few members of the college faculty knew the happenings on which this story was based. Professor Bates had admitted to to him that he wrote light fiction under an assumed name. The solution was obvious.

With the offending magazine under his arm, the angry president hastened to the little cottage on College avenue, where the Associate Professor of English Literature lived. In the tiny library he confronted his junior with accusing eye.

"Professor Bates, did you, by any chance, write this story?" he demanded, boring into the face of the young professor with steely gaze.

STUART BATES knew that there was no use in denial, even if his conscience had allowed him an untruth. Moreover, his native independence rebelled at his superior's tone. With defiant gaze he looked straight into the older man's eyes.

"Supposing that I did?" he asked coolly.

The president had expected evasion, temporizing, excuses. For a moment he was unable to meet the situation.

Then the full vials of his wrath descended upon the Associate Professor of English Literature.

"Then you do not deny it? I am amazed, sir, mortified beyond all expression, that a member of our family should stoop so far beneath him as to have his name connected with a magazine of this sensational type in the first place—doubly so that he should put into type a story of this class—daring in its theme, sensational in its treatment, so unspeakably frank in its handling of things that should be talked about only in whispers. To think that a Doctor of Philosophy, a professor in a college devoted to the educational uplift of young men, should take such a theme fills me with utter horror."

President Maitland wiped his perspiring forehead with a huge linen handkerchief, and paused to launch a fresh attack. Professor Bates stood his ground.

"Oh, now, Dr. Maitland, this magazine isn't half as bad as it appears to be to you. Right in that very issue are stories by half a dozen of the best known writers in America. You'd esteem them if you read them in some other magazine with a less showy cover——"

"Degrading, prostituting their talents!" President Maitland snorted. "Led by the lure of the dollar!"

"Haven't we talked about such things too long in whispers—made a glorified secret, an alluring mystery, of matters that were better known and discussed frankly, that lose their mysterious fascination when brought out into the light of day for cold discussion?" Bates persisted. "That story is daring in both theme and treatment, perhaps, but it will make people think twice—may do missionary work in correcting some evils that you yourself have fought against."

Dr. Maitland's eyes flashed at the contradiction. He was used to subservient acquiescence.

"Let me tell you, Professor Bates, that we cannot tolerate such happenings. You have given good service to the college in your department both as a professor and a scholar. Your own name, too, does not appear in this unfortunate occurrence. But you must cease writing such stories—or cease connection with the faculty of this college. You have your own choice, Professor. I wish you a very good morning."

The door closed behind him.

Little Mrs. Bates, who had heard part of the conversation from the next room, and guessed the rest, rushed in. On her face was a look of dismay that matched the dogged one on her husband's.

"Well, I guess that settles it," he pronounced. "No more writing for us."

"Oh, Stuart," she wailed. "And we were just getting started so splendidly. We've got almost enough saved for the car, too! And we simply can't get along on the measly old salary the college pays you!"

"Got to," he asserted grimly. "I suppose I can do tutoring in my spare time, like Harriman," he pronounced, with a wry face. "Maybe I can run a boys' camp this summer. Those things are at least respectable." His mouth twisted into a grimace as he pronounced the last words.

"Oh, Stuart," she ventured, a wild light of daring in her eyes, "why not throw up this old professorship, and spend your entire time writing? You made almost as much as your salary last year."

He shook his head. "N-no, it's too risky.. We never could get enough for a living that way—not for some years. No, I'll have to give it up. It's too bad. D——n the old fossil and his pedantical ideas!"

"Oh, dear, and I led you into it!" she sobbed. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! Why did it have to happen?"

She flung herself face downward on the sofa, and gave way to an unrestrained burst of tears. Professor Bates put his arm about her, and strove to administer awkward comfort. Then he started guiltily as the clock struck, and picked up his portfolio. With face black with anger and dismay, he started across the campus to meet his class in English Literature 5A.

FOR all he knew, he told his class that Marlowe wrote "The Three Musketeers" and that Jack London collaborated with Ben Johnson in turning out "The Merchant of Venice." He noticed surprised looks pass around the classroom as he strove in vain to follow the skeleton outline of his lecture. He drew a long breath when the hour of agony was over, and he emerged once more into the sunshine.

He strode back to his home, his head in a daze. He was almost tempted to take his wife's advice and risk the venture. No, it was too great a hazard. He shook his head sadly. The college and its president grated on his nerves.

He let himself in with his latchkey and started upstairs. His wife met him in the hallway.

"There's a man in your den waiting to


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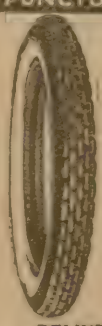

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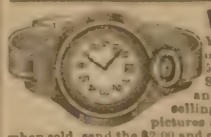

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see you. He's been there almost half an hour."

"Wonder what he wants to sell me, books or life insurance?" He dropped a fleeting kiss on his wife's upturned lips and turned reluctantly to greet his caller. In his present frame of mind he desired anything but meeting visitors.

In the library a gray-haired man with heavy, smooth-shaven face and cool, searching eyes, rose and extended his hand.

"Professor Bates, I believe. My name's MacAllister. I've called to see you about a certain story of yours, I believe, in this month's Scintillating Stories."

"Yes?" queried Stuart Bates aggressively. He was in no mood to be bulldozed further about that unfortunate bit of fiction.

"I found out from Harlow, who's a fellow club member of mine, the name and address of the author—found out that you are a Ph. D., and a professor, and all that sort of thing. I've seen one or two others of your work during the last year.

"Why didn't you send that to us? I know Scintillating Stories provides a fair field, but if you'd given us that, with our circulation and standing, it would have established you as one of the great fiction writers of the present day—and we'd have paid you, I'll venture to say, five times what you got for it.

"But I've a proposition to make to you. They don't pay you college professors any too much. I know, for I'm on the board of trustees of my own college. Of course, you have old traditions and the dignity of the profession, and all that, to compensate. But those don't buy you new cars—or new clothes, and all that sort of thing.

"We're needing a new associate editor on our magazine. There's a mighty good chance for advancement in a few years, if you're the right man. As a professor of English literature and a Ph. D., you ought to qualify for the scholastic part of it, and a man who can turn out a story like that last one of yours certainly has made his literary place. We'll pay you thirty-five hundred to start with, and if you're the man we're looking for, as I think you are, it'll be pretty nearly double that in two or three years. And you'll have plenty of leisure to turn out some more stories like 'The Unregenerate.' What do you think about it?"

Stuart Bates hesitated, overwhelmed by this sudden offer. "Why—I don't know," he stammered. "I hadn't ever thought of going into anything like this—maybe I wouldn't be fitted——"

MacAllister, astute business man that he ordinarily was, misread his hesitation. His eyes narrowed slightly.

"I'll tell you, Bates," he pronounced. "I'll make you my limit offer. I'll give you five thousand to start, and make it six next year if you make good—and your spare time to be free to write fiction for us, too. What do you say? Will you accept?"

Stuart Bates, Ph. D., associate professor of English literature, decided that he would.

The president of Stanhope College found a letter on his desk the next morning. He read it with nodding head, and peered abstractedly over his glasses. For a moment he sat clasping and unclasping his fingers. The letter read as follows:

STANHOPE COLLEGE
Department of English Literature
Pres. John Calvin Maitland, D. D., LL. D.

My Dear Pres. Maitland: On thinking over our conversation of this morning, I have decided to sever my connection with the college and devote my entire time to literary work, including the production of such stories as "The Unregenerate," which met with your strong disapproval.

I have been offered the position of associate editor of Hollis' Weekly, and plan to enter upon my new duties at once. Mr. MacAllister, managing editor of the magazine, was good enough to tell me that he regarded this story as one of the half dozen noteworthy ones of the year, and that he was impelled to offer me the position largely on account of it.

I have the honor, sir, to remain,
Respectfully yours,
STUART BATES.

* * *

**Proved It.**

Mrs. Jones—"And she said I was no lidy. I soon showed her whether I was a lidy or not—I had her dahn in the gutter in two twos."


# Why So Many Men Are Good Starters But Poor Finishers—

## Lack Of Iron In The Blood Holds Them Back And They Fall Exhausted By The Wayside

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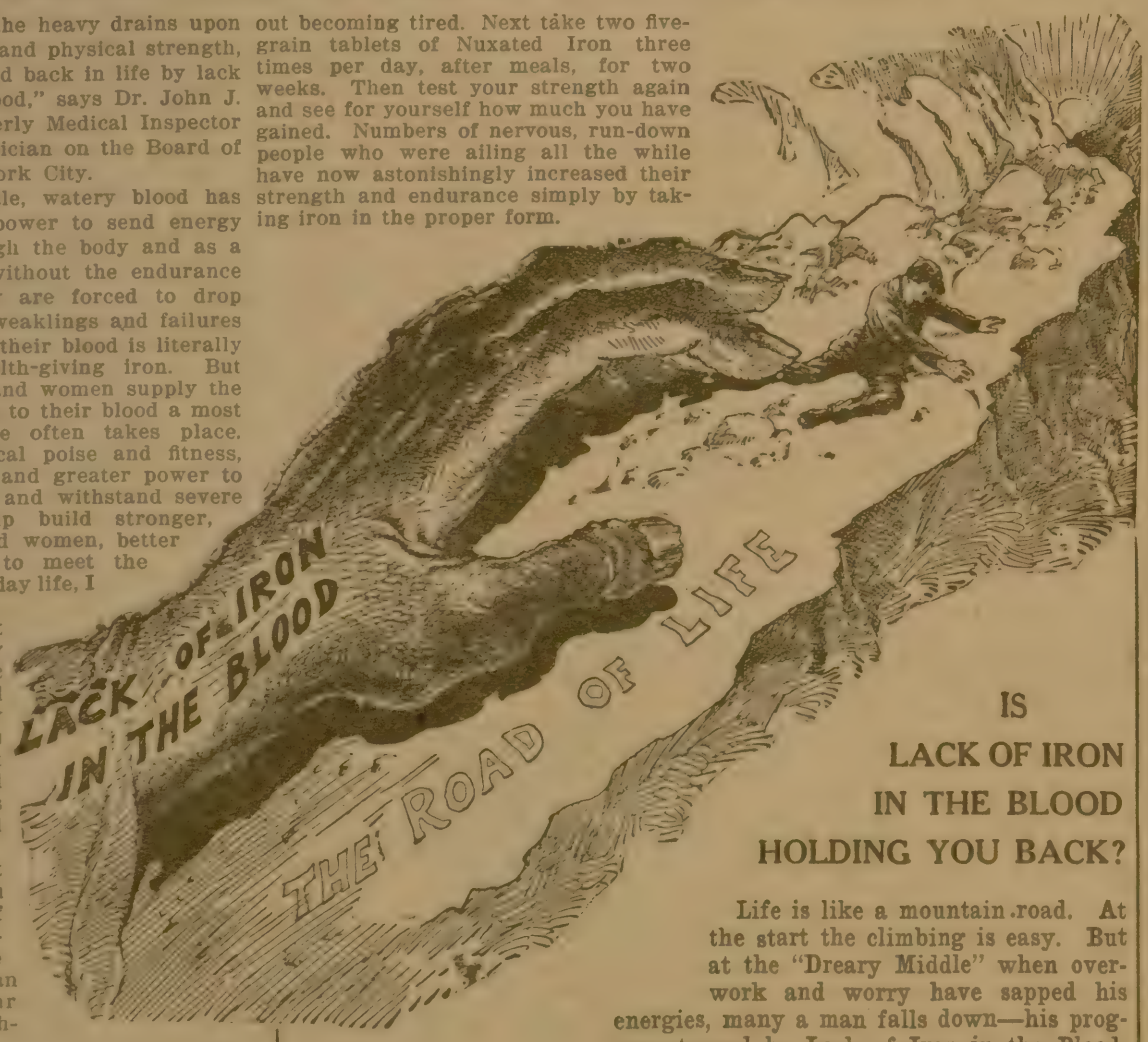
If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day, after meals, for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have now astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form.

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**NUXATED IRON** FOR RED BLOOD STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE


## They Make the Woman.

"CLOTHES," said the young woman in the tortoise shell glasses reflectively, "are potent. They often change destinies. Don't believe it? Did you ever happen to have on your awfulest old duds on a rainy day and meet a man for whom until that moment you had always had a fancy?"

"I don't believe so," confessed the girl with the cute nose.

"Well, I've done it," sighed the girl in the tortoise shell glasses, "and I never see that man but what I feel just as draggled and mussed of collar, just as unraveled of hair, as I did at the time, no matter how immaculate I happen to be looking. However, that is not precisely what I mean. When I have on a tennis skirt and oxfords, for instance, I am a changed creature. I use slang—in moderation, of course; I stride rather than saunter; I scorn feminine wiles; I am a tomboy. But let me get on rose chiffon and silver slippers of an evening and behold! I dawdle, I slump, I trail about, I flirt, I breathe sentimental things in a soft murmur; it's perfectly ridiculous! But that's the effect of my clothes!"

"How funny," commented the girl with the cute nose.

The other young woman sat up suddenly.

"There was a perfectly good case last year," she said, "that proves it! There was a little mouse of a girl, who crept about in corners and studied madly, and wore her hair in two braids around her head, and sat out all the dances in hard chairs, and nobody noticed her at all. She was Corinna Curtis."

"Not Miss Curtis!" exclaimed the cute nosed girl. "Not that perfectly stunning Athena who goes just everywhere? Why, she's almost too dashing for really good taste—or so they say!"

"That's the very same one," said the girl with the tortoise glasses, waving her hands. "That's what I meant when I said clothes could change destiny. She went about like that her first three years and I don't believe a man ever called on her in her life; but last spring she got a part in the class play, a sort of burlesque movie vamp, I think she was supposed to be.

"They hauled out jet earrings and red silk scarfs and a huge black velvet hat with a paradise, and draped them on her, and her eyes got sort of poppy, but she was game, all right! She got all togged up and the make-up man did her face in style, with beaded lashes and so forth; and when she looked in the mirror she almost fainted!

"Well, the men fainted, too! They hadn't noticed her from the side of the building before; but we all danced in costume after the show, and you can believe that they hung around Corinna seven deep! The girl never had such a good time in all her life! She was carried away by her costume, you see, and played up to her part; and I tell you she was a riot!"

"She seems to be one now," said the girl with the cute nose. "You mean she really isn't like that at all?"

"Not inside," said the other girl. "But she was clever enough to carry it out; she haunted the shops for lumpy beads and slinky, vampish gowns, and the men got crazier about her than ever; and she's going to marry that young doctor as soon as she is graduated!"

"But how on earth will a doctor, just starting out, support that kind of girl?"

"Take my word for it—the clothes will do it again!" said the girl in the glasses, easily. "When Corinna gets into blue linen aprons and little gingham house dresses she'll turn right around and become as domestic as anything! Clothes made her over once, and clothes will make her back again!"

"Mercy!" said the young woman with the cute nose, peering into her handbag, "I wonder whether I've got enough money to go downtown and buy a black velvet dress!"

* * *

### He Had 'Em!

Army sleuths at Gary, Ind., raided a "Russian den." They discovered a well-thumbed volume printed in Russian. Evidently it was popular. Probably it contained the ordained procedure in dynamitings.

To headquarters at full speed and an interpreter summoned.

"Read it to us—what does it say?"

The interpreter opened it at random and began to run over the sentences translating in fragments:

"Then you put the blood on—dig a grave and bury it near midnight—burn up the rest——"

"We've got 'em now," exlaimed one. "That's the master book. Read some more."

"That helps the blood," went on the interpreter. "Pretty soon off she comes."

"That means an explosion," the sleuths chorused.

"Begin at the beginning," demanded one. "What's the book called?"

The interpreter turned to the title page and read:

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, by Mark Twain."

He had been reading from Huckleberry Finn's recipe for warts.

# Trouble Enough!

(Continued From Page 11)

Miss Fanny—an', t'ank Gawd she were right when she thought de daid man wah de detective p'lice. But, law! wot she scream out fo' in de presence o' all de public dat her boy done promise fo' to come home no' mo'? It wah Greek to de niggas den, but de Greek is solved. Miss Fanny could a ben in dat room and snooked out a winder into de night."

"Oh, she didn't!" I cried. "I know she didn't!"

"When Miss Fanny were 15 years ole, chile, she——"

"Killed a chicken," I interrupted. "Killing a chicken is very, very different from killing a man, Aunt Tilly."

"She wan't much older," said Aunt Tilly, "when she up an' killed——"

"A cat!" I cried, ironically. "A cat, too, is very, very different from a man."

"I dunno, I dunno," said Aunt Tilly, "some men's heap meaner'n cats, an' Miss Fanny, so I done heered, wah monstous fond o' Ole Stray. Fo' to kill a cat wot you's monstous fond of, seems to me, wouldn't be no easier'n to kill a man yo' wah quarrelin' wid. De fust one she hated an' de second one she wah quarrelin' wid—yit she won't git off'n de place. Why'n she clare out an' wear a moostache? Mr. Brooks he's a eyein' her hawd."

I THREW my head wearily back against the cushion in my own big chair. "Oh, Aunt Tilly," I said, "I'm so tired of it all. I wish they'd find the real murderer. I thought the Rider boy killed Cousin Joe, but he couldn't have killed Great Scott—he wasn't around to do it."

"No," said Aunt Tilly, "dat jest it; Miss Fanny she wah around."

Yes, Fanny was around then and she was around now, here, there, everywhere; carrying tidbits to the trained nurse for her boy, peeping in upon her boy, waiting on Miss Christine, waiting on me. She was not smiling as she had been following the discovery of her misdoing with the will; her face was often grave and sad, but her eyes were steadily growing more and more beautiful in expression. I loved her to wait on me; I loved her to call me "little brown girl;" I loved her to smooth my hair and my cheek and my hands; above all I loved her to prophesy: "Never mind, little brown girl, it will all come right, for the Lord is good and that's the truth."

Would it all come right?

When?

I was well enough to talk brightly to Young Dick as I sat and held his hand, something I could not do at first, just sit there and try to smile and succeed in smiling stupidly. He, too, loved to hear me repeat Fanny's prophecy.

I was well enough to walk out into the grounds where the spring was beginning to show us that it intended to be early, for here and there the green blades of grass were shooting up, and when I say I was well enough to walk I mean to take long rambles. I went deep into the woods one day and raked away the leaves, hunting for the trailing arbutus, and I found just a wee little bit of it. The sunshine came upon me and it as I cried out in rapture and then put my nose down to it and got both the scent of it and the scent of the earth. Do you know the ecstasy of the mingled scents? If you don't, hie you away to the woods where the arbutus grows and hunt and hunt and hunt until you find even a little bit like that I found that day and stoop to it and know what it is. I was almost dancing back to the house, with my find of the spring, now and then lifting it to my nose—I was thinking of nothing but it and the joy it would bring into Young Dick's wonderful eyes. Perhaps he would bestow upon the giver a hug and a kiss and the sweetest of names, "little brown girl!" If I wasn't dancing, I am sure I was skipping.

"So the spring is come, Miss Littlepage?" It was Mr. Brooks also walking in the woods.

I had avoided this man. I remembered all my former confidences and then his arrest of my Cousin Christine—and I wished to have nothing whatever to do with him on this his second taking the place. But Young Dick was in the house, in danger perhaps, and so I dared not be openly rude. But I certainly wouldn't let him smell my trailing arbutus.

"Yes, the spring is come," I said demurely, and wished in my heart that he would keep on walking his way and let me keep on walking, running and skipping mine; but he turned with the evident intention of going back with me.

"Well," he asked suddenly, "what do you think of it all?"

It would have taken me a long time to tell him or a very short time. In the short time I might have said pertly, "Tommy-rot." In the long time I would have spoken bitterly of cruelty and mismanagement, of days that seemed like weeks and weeks that seemed like months and months that seemed like years. I would have called on Heaven to be my witness that Cousin Christine had been wrecked. I would have denounced law and justice, as I knew them. I would have sneered at Mr. Brooks, and in my heart, called him contemptuously "John Brisbane Thingamabob Somebody," no, "John Brisbane Thingamabob Nobody." Instead I dropped my eyes to my bit of the spring and murmured something inaudible.

TO THE detective's sharp "What?" I made another attempt.

"I don't know what to think," I said.

"Well, you know Ben Rider didn't kill Harry Scott?"

I forgot to be polite and stared at him.

"You still think he committed the other murder?"

"In the law," I said, slowly and deliberately, "what one thinks doesn't count; one must know a thing. I, Mary Alice Littlepage, know absolutely nothing."

"You were with the crowd, one of the crowd, I should say, who entered the room where Harry Scott lay dead?"

"Yes."

"You saw the position of the pistol on the table beside the bed?"

"I did."

"Who entered the room with you?"

"The rest of the crowd."

"Their names, please."

"What do the names matter? Besides, you know them already."

"Your Cousin Christine?"

"Yes."

"No one else but the niggers?"

"No." My "no" was very low.

"Not that half-witted fellow you call Silly Billy?"

"No, he wasn't there. He sleeps over the garage and he sleeps well."

"Good for him," said the detective.

Then I began fluently talking of Silly Billy, and would have kept on until we reached the house if Mr. Brooks hadn't interrupted me to mention the limekiln.

He, too, knew about the money secreted in the limekiln; he, too, was watching Silly Billy.

"Weren't you surprised that the maid, Fanny, wasn't with you when you entered the room of poor Harry Scott?" asked Mr. Brooks.

"I wasn't in a state to be surprised at anything, or to think," I answered, ruffled at the question. "Besides, the other time Cousin Christine went alone."

"But the maid, Fanny, wasn't in her bed?"

He knew just as well as I did that she wasn't. I did not see any need for an answer. But in my mind, distinctly, I saw her again, the snow on her shoulders.

"She came in from the night?" asked John Brisbane Thingabob Somebody.

"You know she did."

"What was she doing out in the night?"

"Playing detective, perhaps," I said.

"Oh, yes, you've done that yourself, Miss Littlepage. How did it go?"

To this I said nothing.

"What of Rags?"

Then I burst out in unadulterated disgust of Rags. "He ought to be a good watch dog," I said, "and and of some use to this poor family. Aunt Tilly is right, I think, about Rags; he's childish. He lets people come right under his nose and kill other people. What of Rags, indeed? He's a poor excuse of a dog; if he were mine I'd order him out to be shot."

"No, you wouldn't."

"I would."

"YOU'D have lynched the Rider boy, too?"

"The wicked should be punished," I quivered——"the good ought to be let alone."

"Well, Rags has got to help us."

"Rags!" I sniffed.

"Didn't the maid, Fanny, say something about Wild Dick having made her a promise not to visit any more at Trouble Enough? Wasn't she filled with—wasn't she wrought up—wasn't she——"

"You wish me to say, Mr. Brooks, that Fanny acted as if she had killed Harry Scott on account of Young Dick's promise to her to never come back? I mean, on account of that promise she was sure of not making a mistake? She was simply startled, like the rest of us. No one could ever feel sure of Young Dick?"

"No?"

"Never!" I repeated.

"If he had a violent quarrel with one in authority over him, one couldn't be sure of the consequences, then?"

Back he was on the old track.

I escaped from him at the door of Trouble Enough. I went up the steps slowly, more like a sick person than a girl who was bringing the first bit of spring to her lover. But I must not go into that room with a clouded face or a heavy heart. I looked down at my little flowers. I thought of poor suspected Fanny's prophecy, I rejoiced that that man who was murdered wasn't Young Dick, that Young Dick was just beyond the door. I opened the door softly, I looked into his wonderful eyes, and I was down on my knees by the bed, holding out to him the little fragrant bunch.

He took it from me. "Spring," he said.

Oh, what was I doing?

Sobbing my heart out.

"Miss Littlepage, we'll go away for awhile, and then we'll come back." The nurse's arm was around me, as she helped me to my feet and led me from the room, away from the wonderful eyes, away from the bit of spring.

"Now, my dear little girl," said Miss Hull, after leading me to my room, "I'm going to put you to bed. You're not so strong yourself, dear, and there may come a time when you'll need all your strength."

Was the trouble of Trouble Enough taking hold of her?

"I was so happy when I found it," I said.

"Why didn't you stay so? I am sure the arbutus hasn't faded?"

"It's so sweet," I sobbed. "I almost danced—I skipped like a child. Why are people so wicked, Miss Hull? Why can't everybody be good?"

"Lots of people are good," said the nurse. "Be thankful for that. It's a good young man that you love, Miss Lit-


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Mail Coupon To-day to RELIABLE MAIL ORDER CO., Dept B.L., 25 Huntington Ave., Boston 17, Mass.

Send.... pairs. I'll pay postman on arrival—my money back if I want it.

Name ..... Size

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*Consult this Weather Prophet*

You won't wonder whether or not to take your umbrella—you'll KNOW if you have one of these weather prophets in your home.

They are little Swiss cottages with a thermometer outside. To warn you of approaching storms, an old witch comes out with her broom from 8 to 24 hours ahead of the storm. To advise you of clear skies and fair weather, the children come out to play. They are very interesting and will save you many a ducking.

The house is made of hardwood, is Swiss cottage style and is decorated, as in the picture, with thermometer, elks head, bird's nest and bird, etc. It has four windows and two doorways.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.50. Write name and address plainly.

*Elsie K. Meinke*, 319 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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10 days to prove that my treatment gives relief. I had catarrh, deafness, head noises; had two surgical operations; originated a new treatment that cured it, restored hearing, stopped head noises; have treated thousands; believe it will cure any case of catarrh; want you to try it 10 days free; see quick relief. Treated catarrh and ears 37 years. Am responsible. Write for this free treatment.

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Genuine Toyo PANAMA

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Write quick for this amazing bargain. Only limited lot at this profit-smashing low price—3 value for only $8.29 on arrival.

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Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

Weak kidneys may cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow; Kidney Trouble in its very worst form may steal upon you.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder medicine, because as soon as your kidneys are well, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that you are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.

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It sends a stream of vital life into your nerves, organs and blood during the time you are asleep. For treatment of rheumatism, weak back, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney disorders it is incomparable. Write today for Free Illustrated factory price list.

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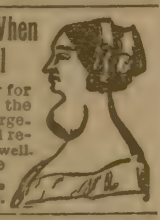

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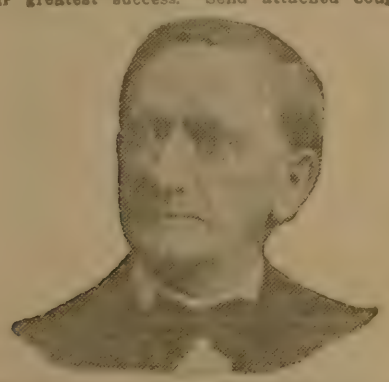

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tlepage, and I'm sure your Cousin Christine is good."

"Some poor people are good but simple," I said, talking like a child might talk to its mother, for the nurse was so sweet and kind, and she was getting me ready for bed. "Simple people are accountable. Oh, I wish some wise man would come to this old Trouble Enough and find out things."

"Don't you think Mr. Brooks is wise?" She was smiling at me as if, indeed, I were a child.

"He's—he's horrid," I said.

"Oh, now I see the trouble," said the nurse—and she was lifting my feet to the proper place in my bed. My head was comfortably placed on my pillows; she was sitting beside me; she took both my hands in hers.

"So this little girl was coming along thru the woods after finding her bunch of flowers almost dancing, really skipping, and she was overtaken by Mr. Brooks and he turned."

"HE MET me and he turned."

"And he talked of unpleasant things, was that it? He took all the dancing and skipping desire out of this little girl? Am I right?"

"He's perfectly horrid," I said.

"I wouldn't think about him," advised the nurse.

"Yes, you would, if you were Mary Alice Littlepage," I said.

"No, I wouldn't. I'd think of Fanny's prophecy and that all will be right in due time at Trouble Enough."

"You'd think of Fanny," I contradicted; "a good woman like you would think of Fanny first and last. If—if she did it—she wasn't accountable. She—she was crazy—if she did it."

"Poor little girl," said the nurse, smoothing my hair and patting my cheek, "poor little brown girl, I'm afraid I'll have to give you a dose to send you to sleep for a while."

"I wish you'd give Rags a dose that would send him to sleep forever," I said. Then I sat up in bed and pleaded with her. "Do it, Miss Hull, you know how. Do it quietly and nobody will ever know. I'll not tell a soul."

She gave a soft little laugh. "That would be belittling my calling, don't you think, little girl? Now, wouldn't it? To come to Trouble Enough to take care of a poor lady and be turned over to nurse her poor lad, and kill the young man's dog? It is his dog, isn't it?"

"It was his father's."

"Rags comes to see my patient every day, wags himself into the room and wags himself out. I couldn't look my patient in the face if I were to give a fatal dose to Rags."

Then I said stubbornly, "I'll ask Silly Billy to kill him."

"Why?"

She brought me a dose in the midst of another violent fit of sobbing. It quieted me but did not make me sleepy.

"Oh, this world is full of misery," I said to her. "We never know when it's coming and it stays so long. It's strange about Cousin Dick. Why can't they find him? Living or dead they ought to be able to find him. But if Tom Jamieson finds him and he's looking hard, I cannot be anything but grateful—I cannot pay him except with gratitude. I'll never, never, never give up Young Dick!"

This wild-sounding talk was thoroly understood by Miss Hull. She was very sorry for me. She kept on smoothing my hair and my cheek and my hands, hoping that I would go to sleep.

"If Silly Billy won't do it for me I'll ask Zack," I said.

She had gone to dreaming on her own account. "Do what, Miss Littlepage?" she asked, smiling at me.

I felt like a culprit under that smile, but I spoke out boldly: "Kill Rags."

"I wouldn't think of Rags if I were you," said the nurse.

"Yes, you would," I said.

"I'd count sheep jumping over a fence," she said, and laughed.

"Zack will do it if I give him a dollar and promise not to tell."

"Why so bloodthirsty, little girl?" asked Miss Hull, with sudden curiosity. "Rags wags his tail at you."

"That Mr. Brooks," I began, but couldn't go on.

"What has he to do with Rags? Or rather why should you, a gentle little lady, desire to have a poor dog killed on account of Mr. Brooks?"

"He says—he says——"

The kind nurse bent her ear to hear the rest.

It wouldn't come.

"Well?"

"He says—he says——"

"Now stop crying, like a good girl, and tell me what he says."

"Oh, I can't; its too horrible."

"No, it isn't too horrible," said the nurse, in a calm sensible way, "and I'm not going away from here until you tell me what it is even tho my poor patient ought to have his medicine. What did Mr. Brooks say to throw you into such a state?"

"Rags has got to help him to find out who did it, and I know he'll find out Fanny. Now, Miss Hull, won't you please give him a dose?"

"No; neither will you, Miss Littlepage," she said, firmly, "we must not interfere with the law."

**We are willing to wager that not till the very last minute will you have an inkling of who was at the bottom of the mystery. And remember to order your next week's Ledger at once, for it will contain the final chapter and the extraordinary solution.**

* * *

# Stories for Ledger Boys and Girls

## The Hero of High Street.

"WHERE'D you get him?" asked Ted Littleton.

Paul Bennet looked down with a dissatisfied expression at the dog he had on a leash. It was a very fat elderly-looking fox terrier with a brown ear and a large brown spot on the back.

"Just to look at him a feller might guess," said Paul sulkily. "He belongs to my rich Aunt Sarah and he sleeps on a silk cushion stuffed with feathers and he's got a big pink bow on his basket and he's got six dog blankets and a pair of rubbers for all his feet, 'tho he never goes out in the wet, and he loves candy and ice cream and hates bones and boys. At meal times he sits on a chair next to Aunt Sarah and gets breast of chicken and bites of everything good that goes 'round. Well, Aunt Sarah is sick and had to go to the hospital and she wouldn't trust her Fifi to servants, so she sent him over to our house. She's dad's sister, you know, and she knows that whatever dad promises he'll do, sure as shot. So she made him promise to see that Fifi was taken good care of. 'Fifi requires special care,' she said, 'he isn't like other dogs.' And she's right, you bet, but I don't call him a dog. I want a real dog.

"Does he know any tricks?" asked Ted, snapping his fingers at Fifi.

"Yes, but he's too proud and uppity to do any for anybody but Aunt Sarah," replied Paul. "Look out! He'll bite you! He bit me last night. Look, here on my hand. He sleeps upstairs in the spare room, but every night just at bedtime he crawls under the parlor sofa and won't come out. If we move the sofa he moves, too, and keeps right on under it. We dassen't poke him out on account of dad's promise to Aunt Sarah, but usually we tempt him out with ice cream. I have to go to the corner drug store for it but I don't mind, because I always get some, too. Last night it was late and rainy, so dad said I better not go for the ice cream. We tried all sorts of things but Fifi wouldn't budge, so I crawled under and tried to get him and he bit me, the nasty old feller! Ma was awful mad but dad wouldn't let her punish Fifi."

"Well, if I was you," said Ted wisely, "I'd let him stay under the sofa and I'd march off without him. That would bring him around, I bet."

"No, because he can't walk upstairs," replied Paul, looking as if he would like to hurt his charge. "We have to carry him up."

"Whew!" whistled Ted. "Some dog!"

"He ought to be made into sausage," grunted Paul. "I'm ashamed to be seen with him, but I have to exercise him twice a day."

"Dog nurse!" shouted Ted. "Ho! Ho! Well, never mind, old man, come over to our house and forget it."

"Can't," replied Paul. "I got to take Fifi home."

"Hello, what's that?"

Both boys pricked up their ears and their eyes were fixed on an alley nearby. Curious sounds came from it which led both boys to hurry in that direction, Paul tugging Fifi along in a way I fear his Aunt Sarah would have objected to.

When they reached the alley they saw a lot of boys hanging over a back fence looking into one of the yards with great interest and cries of: "There she goes!" "Sick 'em!" "Oh, gee! he got away!" Paul and Ted burst into a run and soon reached the fence, up which they scaled.

What a sight greeted their eyes! The yard was a long, narrow one, in which grew a big tree. In the middle of the walk was a colored boy holding two large rats by the tails, while near the


## HEALS CHRONIC LEG SORES

Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 1109 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., practicing in Kansas City since 1885, quickly heals leg sores and Varicose Ulcers without knife or pain. Our readers who are afflicted should write for free illust'd book. Adv.

* * *

## The Truth About Gallstones

A new booklet written by Dr. E. E. Paddock, Box 201CC, Kansas City, Mo., tells of an improved method of treating the Catarrhal inflammation of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gall Stones from which remarkable results are being reported. Write for booklet and free trial plan.

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### LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula, which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

## Baldness Conquered

### RECIPE MAILED FREE

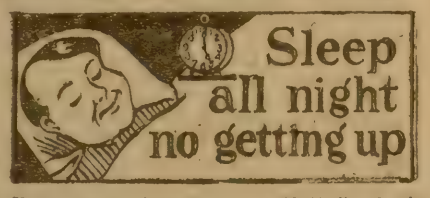
A veteran business man, almost completely bald, who had tried numerous tonics, lotions, shampoos, etc., without benefit, came across an Indian's recipe by which he grew a complete crop of luxuriant hair that he now possesses.

Others—men and women—have reported remarkable hair growth by the same method. Whoever wishes the recipe may obtain it free by writing to John Hart Brittain, BK-178, Station F, New York, N. Y. Or the recipe with a testing box of the preparation, postpaid, for 10 cents, stamps or silver. This is a genuine offer and will prove to be just what you have been seeking. Show others this advertisement.

## BLADDER WEAKNESS

A famous European Laboratory has given the world a wonderful new discovery that quickly soothes, heals and stops Weakness of Bladder and Kidneys.

It is called PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands everywhere using it when all else fails. Simple-Quick-Safe, for men, women, young or old, no matter how long suffering.




If you want to "forget you have a Bladder" and enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment from now on, all the rest of your days, then use this new remedy on Free Trial.

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E. P. WORTH, 74 Cortlandt St., New York.

## 20th CENTURY SOLID SILVEROID WATCH $3.25

This 1920 model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size perfect time keeper for only $3.25. Highly polished thin model case, open face, stem wind and set, position adjustment, fully tested. This is a real time piece. Guaranteed not to be a clock or rebuilt movement.

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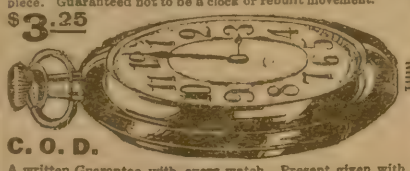

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500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

tree crouched a big colored man with two dogs beside him. The dogs were barking furiously. One was a young fox terrier and the other a kind of Irish terrier.

"Oh, gee!" cried Ted excitedly. "They're ratting."

Sure enough. The colored man pulled a string which he held in his hand and out came a ferret from a large rathole in the roots of a tree. The ferret held a rat in his teeth and as he was pulled out four big rats jumped out of the hole, too. "Sick 'em!" shouted everybody, and the terriers sprang at the rodents. For a second the noise was dreadful. Such barking, squealing, shouting and scuffling!

"Aw, them dogs is no good!" cried the boy, as the large rats plunged into another hole under the fence.

The fox terrier was whining and rubbing his face with his paw. His lip was bleeding where one of the rats had given him a vicious bite, while the Irish terrier was silently licking his nose, which was badly bitten, too.

"Ah neber seed sich wicious rats," said the colored man. "Dey jes' like wil' animules." He wiped his brow disgustedly, as he was paid by the rat for his labors, and so far he had caught only four. "Hi, dar, Commins and Cris! Watch out sha'p, now."

The place was certainly overrun with rats. The man led his ferret to another hole, into which the little animal darted like lightning. In the excitement Ted and Paul had climbed on top of the gate and were cheering wildly, but what was their surprise and horror to see a large white form waddle into the yard beneath them. Fifi had somehow squeezed under the gate and there he was calmly sniffing at the two strange dogs.

"Hi!" shouted the colored man angrily. "Come heah and 'tend to business."

As he spoke five huge rats scampered out of the hole into which the ferret had glided. The two dogs barked loudly, but what made Paul's heart stand still was to see Fifi spring clumsily forward with a low growl. Snap! He had a rat by the back. Shouts and applause rent the air. How Fifi shook that rat!

"Kiyi!" yelled the colored boy. "Dat makes five."

As he took the rat away from Fifi another rodent raced past. Just like greased lightning the dog had it.

"Say!" shouted the man excitedly. "I'll gib five bucks fo' dat li' hound."

"Tisn't mine," replied Paul. "Wouldn't sell him, nohow."

Later two boys might have been seen walking down High street with a very fat, shabby and disreputable fox terrier. Paul, one of the boys, reverently stooped down and perkéd up the pink bow, which dragged from the dog's collar.

"Some dog," remarked Ted, the other boy. "He got at least fifteen."

"I don't know what dad will say, or Aunt Sarah," Paul replied, "but I'll tell you, I'm not goin' to say anything against old Fifi again, you bet!"

### RHYMING RIDDLES.

THREE riddles for you to answer.
It has many leaves,
Tho it isn't a tree.
Its insides are red (read),
Now, then, what can it be?

They come by the flight,
Yet run down and up, too;
They came by the flight,
And are tramped on by you.

It runs around a field, my dears,
But never moves, and hence
I'll let you finish out this rhyme
By saying 'tis a ———.

### Incorrigibly Good.

MOTHER—"I don't like the looks of that little boy you were playing with on the street today. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know."

Son—"Oh, but he isn't a bad little boy, mamma. He's a good little boy. He's been to the reformatory school twice and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior."

### Garden Time.

WHAT a jolly thing it is to plant a garden and how it does reward us for our trouble. Just looking at a watering can or rake gives one a thrill these days, and the smell of soft, damp earth fairly pulls one out of doors.

Have you made up your garden beds and planted your first spring seeds?

### Good Reason.

JOHNNY—"But, teacher, I haven't got a comb!"

Teacher—"Can't you use your father's? Hasn't he a comb?"

Johnny—"No—he hasn't any hair!"

### A Friend of George's.

TEACHER (in primary class)—"Do any of you little folks know who George Washington was?"

Tommy—"I don't know him myself, but he's an old friend of my dad's."


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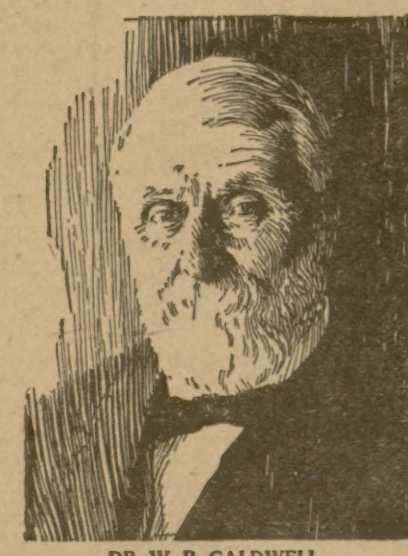

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I KNOW from nearly half a century of medical practice that beauty is more than skin deep, that nothing in the world can imitate the good red blood in the cheeks of health. I have seen young girls of seventeen as sallow and wan as old women, but once the functions of digestion and elimination were restored they bloomed true to their age.

To prove this to you I want you to let me send you a free trial bottle of what is known in drug stores as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if you will fill out the coupon below the test bottle will come to you promptly, all charges prepaid. A single, pleasant-tasting spoonful will be enough to convince you. Many, many thousands of women never use any other laxative.

I have been a family physician since 1875, and those long years have taught me that most of the ailments and indisposition of women are due to constipation. It is the great danger that confronts all women. It is the cause of frequent colds and grippes, headaches, drowsiness, tired feeling; it destroys appetite and sleep, makes the blood thin, the skin pale, the eyes lusterless. The next time you do not feel just right and have any of these symptoms try a spoonful of Syrup Pepsin.

I have been writing the prescription on which Syrup Pepsin is based since 1875. Druggists have sold it as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin since 1892, and it is today the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. Druggists sold over 7 million bottles of it last year. You can buy a bottle of the druggist nearest you.

The ingredients of my Syrup Pepsin have never been a secret, and are stated on the package. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and bowel muscles and so trains them that they soon do their work naturally. It acts mildly, gently and does not gripe. It is in all respects an ideal formula for women.

I would like to see a bottle of Syrup Pepsin in the possession of every woman, and they will all be the better for it. Go to your druggist and buy a bottle. If, however, you would rather try it first then fill out the coupon below and send it to me. I hope you will take the time to do this. It will cost you nothing but will mean a great deal to your health, appearance and happiness.

**Fill Out This Coupon and Mail It Today**

Dr. W. B. Caldwell,
560 Washington Street,
Monticello, Illinois.

Kindly send me a free trial bottle of your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, all charges prepaid. The address is:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Please write carefully. Send a postal or letter if you prefer.

## WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH FREE

Here is our New Style E. D. L. Phonograph—the latest improvement—without the horn. The lightest, most durable and compact practical phonograph ever produced. It is beautifully finished, tone arm black japanned, nickel winding crank, accurately constructed, smooth running spring motor, which plays 2 to 3 records at one winding, speed regulator, stop lever and felt-covered turn table. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm, which makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music—band pieces, talking pieces, instrumental, orchestra, vocal, etc.

**Plays Any Disc Record** Up to 7 in. and plays them properly. This machine is simply wonderful—not to be compared with any other of this kind. Will give you more entertainment than anything you ever owned. Strong and durable. Small and compact with no parts to get out of order.

**EVERY MACHINE REGULATED AND TESTED** before it leaves the factory and guaranteed in every way. A real phonograph, not a toy, yet small and light enough to be carried to camps, excursions, etc. Gives a clearness and volume of tone not surpassed by most high-priced instruments.

**TESTIMONIAL** Corro Gordo, N. C., Sept. 12, 1918.
Dear Company—I have just today received my Phonograph—and must tell you for a fact I am sure more than delighted with it. Many, many thanks for your honesty. I remain your friend till death.
Mrs. Fannie Rogers, Corro Gordo, N. C.

**FREE TO YOU—SEND NO MONEY** Just your name and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the $6 you collect and for your trouble we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records, free for your trouble. You can dispose of pictures and earn this great machine and the records in a few hours' time. Address
E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St. 5T51, CHICAGO

## Five Passenger Auto Free

A fine new 1919 five passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. You can be the happy and proud owner of this automobile. Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these automobiles, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it.

**ANSWER THIS AD QUICK—SOLVE THE PUZZLE!!**

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful

**FREE SURPRISE PRESENT FOR SOLVING PUZZLE**

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

**AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY** We will also make you a present of a Certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

**MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS** You can also win, in addition to the automobile, splendid prizes such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, cameras, and other things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications worth ten cents.

**YOU CAN'T LOSE** in this greatest and most liberal contest ever offered.

Write your name and address plainly, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., and the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 5, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

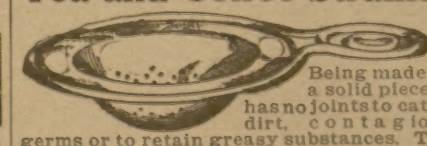
**MENDING TISSUE** THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

## Painful Piles Absorbed

### Post Card Brings Full $2.00 Treatment

Most sufferers believe that eventually it is necessary to use the knife to remove their Pile Growths. On the contrary — POWERS PILE REMEDY, a simple home treatment, brings quick relief and absorbs them. This treatment has proven a great blessing to sufferers of Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Send post card for full treatment. If results are satisfactory, costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing. Address H. D. POWERS
Dept. 513, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

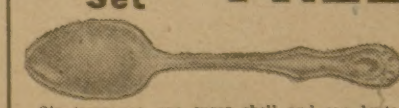
## The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.

W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

## 8-Piece Rogers Nickel Silverware Set FREE



Six teaspoons, one sugar shell and one butter knife. Each piece is decorated with an artistic engraved design. The name of Rogers in connection with silverware means dependability. A written guarantee of satisfactory service for many years comes with each set.

**HOW TO GET IT FREE**

If you want this good-looking Rogers Silverware Set Free, just send us your name and address today. We will send you by return mail four Beautiful Reproductions of famous paintings, 16x20 inches, selected from the World's Art Galleries and printed in many colors. Distribute these among your friends in connection with our easy plan, and the Silverware is yours FREE.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. H-1,
500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

# HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

## As It Will Be.

Suffragette—"And is this my ballot?"

Election Clerk—"Yes, ma'am, that's it."

Suffragette—"Where's the household page and the comic supplement?"

### No Cards in the House.

The fourth-grade teacher had a great deal of trouble with Fred's attendance. He was absent so often that she got suspicious and wrote a note to his parents, as follows:

"I am afraid that Fred is playing truant and I would like your cooperation in securing a better attendance record from him."

Back that afternoon came this answer:

"Dere Teecher—If Fred is playing truant he didn't learn it at hoam. We air church peeple and hain't got a card in our house."

### Proof.

Arthur had been allowed to accompany his uncle to court, where the latter was a witness for the defense in a libel action.

While he was being cross-examined, the plaintiff's counsel asked:

"Are you married?"

The witness replied that he was.

"We have no proof of that, sir," said the cross-examiner.

Little Arthur stood up on a bench and piped up: "Show him the bump on your head, uncle."

### Can't Be Done.

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office.

"Hello, Sam. Got cut again. I see."

"Yes, sah, I done got carved up with a razor, Doc."

"Why didn't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound.

"Deed I'd like to, Doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

### Generosity.

Pat—"Oi'm thot thirsty if Oi had a bucket av beer Oi'd drink the whole av it, barrin' the sup Oi'd lave for yez, Moike."

Mike—"Faith, Oi think ye might say ye'd lave the half av it, seein' there's no chance av ye gettin' the bucketful."

### You Know Him.

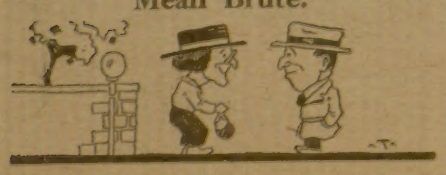
"What kind of a fellow is Smith?" asked Brown.

"He's the kind of fellow who spends half his time making promises and the other half making excuses for breaking his promises," replied Jones.

### The Exception.

Tho jazz effects my mind disturb,
There's one I love to hear,
The coal that rattles on the curb
Makes music to mine ear!

## Mean Brute.



"I had a queer dream last night," said Mr. Gabb.

"What was it about?" asked Mrs. Gobb.

"I dreamt that I saw you for the first time," replied Mr. Gibb.

"And what did you do?" asked Mrs. Gabb sweetly.

"I declined to be introduced, and I kept on running," replied Mr. Gabb.

## It All Depends.

The surburban night was being made hideous by the howling of a dog whose soul was lonely, and the strolling police officer paused to speak to the citizen who, standing at his gate, was evidently listening to the canine wails.

"Awful racket!" the officer observed.

"Fierce!" the citizen agreed.

"Want to make a complaint?" the officer suggested zealously.

"Why—er—not until I am sure," the citizen responded.

"Sure of what?"

"Why, whether that is my dog or Brown's. If it is my dog—oh, well, we have to put up with a few little annoyances in this life, you know; but if it is Brown's, why, by George, I don't propose to have my life made miserable by a nuisance like that!"

### Humors of the Elevator.

There are irresistible humors in elevators. We cannot imagine anything more intensely amusing than to be an elevator man seized with a sudden madness. Think of flashing up and down the shaft, with the buzzer sounding wildly, haggard and infuriated faces gazing thru the door at every landing, while we merrily tooled up and down without ever stopping. People are so incredibly comic when they peer hotly thru the pane at an elevator that doesn't stop . . . we don't see how any high-spirited elevator chauffeur ever resists this temptation.

### The Feline Cow.

The 17-year-old daughter of a city man was visiting a farm for the first time.

She immediately became interested in the prize cattle and asked many questions.

One evening just at dusk as the girl was standing at the open door of the farmhouse talking to the manager, there came the low, mournful note of a cow.

"Just listen to that poor cow," said the girl, "mewing for her colt."

### Incisive.

"There goes a man who has cut quite a figure in his time."

"How's that?"

"He used to carve dates on tombstones."

## The Start.

Hoyle—"I am writing a moving picture scenario."

Doyle—"How far have you progressed?"

Hoyle—"Well, I have begun with the kiss at the end."

### Sure Proof.

"What a pretty girl old Greyson's got hold of!" exclaimed the envious fellow to his friend as they watched the skaters.

"Yes," replied the other. "She is certainly pretty. But I think she must be his sister."

"Why?"

"Well, as they were getting ready on the bank here I heard him ask her if she was never going to learn how to put on her own skates."

### A Good Man.

Judge (at trial of Woolly Pete charged with killing Two Gun Jake—"And you say you can testify to the good character of the defendant?"

Cowboy Charley—"That I kin, jedge. There ain't a quicker man on the trigger in all Arizony than him."

### To Balance Scales of Justice.

"That young woman is very striking."

"A handsome girl."

"But I never see her doing any work around your law office."

"She's valuable, however. When the other side has a pretty witness we find her very useful as a counter attraction."

### Has an Old-fashioned Ma.

"When the snow and ice have gone," said the Sunday school teacher, "and nature awakes from her long sleep and the tiny buds begin to appear, then what do we have?"

"Sulphur and molasses," answered one boy promptly.

### Teaching Them.

"You say this is an educational film?"

"Yes," replied the movie magnate, blandly.

"But it features a 'vampire.'"

"Exactly. We're trying to make the world safe for married men."

## Brain Teasers.

### Buried Word Square.

276—One word to be found in each sentence.

1. Well, that grand slam ends this game.
2. I have finished Doric, am in Ionic capital now.
3. Are those men able to carry that great load?
4. What a bad pen; the bent nib bleared the writing.
5. Let me play with your doll, Arabella.
6. Can you spell demesne, Erskine?

### Unfinished Words.

* A N *

277—By replacing the stars before and after A N with with certain letters words may be formed which answer the following definitions:

1. Distinction. 2. Particles of stony matter. 3. Sound in mind. 4. A goodly number. 5. A new engine of war. 6. A buffoon. 7. To rave in extravagant language. 8. Lean. 9. Part of a limb. 10. A bundle of yarn. 11. A sheet of glass. 12. A walking stick. 13. Solid earth. 14. A shore. 15. A narrow passageway. 16. A throe. 17. A squad. 18. Penury. 19. A sharp flavor. 20. Poison. 21. To gasp. 22. From the neck of a horse. 23. A feminine name. 24. A company. 25. A citizen of Denmark. 26. A long pointed tooth. 27. To suspend. 28. To lessen. 29. Reverberated. 30. Uttered melodious sounds. 31. A weathercock. 32. Moist. 33. A temple. 34. A common nickname.

### Numerical Enigma.

278—I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 12, 8 is to acknowledge.

My 7, 11, 9, 1, 4, 14 is a violent affair.

My 5, 13, 8, 10, 11, 6, 13, 14 is a marking.

My whole is the act of directing an office.

### Rat Problem.

279—If three cats catch three rats in three days, how many cats will it take to catch a hundred rats in a hundred days?

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

**272. Anagram.**

Fever.

**273. Six Word Square.**

S L E E T S
L I N N E T
E N T I R E
E N I G M A
T E R M E D
S T E A D Y

**274. Transpositions.**

1. Pane, nape. 2. Mace, acme. 3. Late, tael. 4. Leah, heal. 5. Tuna, aunt. 6. Tone, note. 7. Side, Ides. 8. Near, earn. 9. Kale, lake. 10. Hare, hear. 11. Mary, army. 12. Paws, wasp.

**275. Great Pens.**

1. Penny. 2. Penal. Pentateuch. 4. Pennyroyal. 5. Peninsula. 6. Penta. 7. Penguin. 8. Pension. 9. Penitentiary. 10. Pensive. 11. Penurious. 12. Penniless. 13. Pentecost.

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

### Balked His Desire.

A gentleman and his wife were admiring some college building erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to a noble hall, over the main entrance of which was a tablet reading, "Erected by John C. Black, as a memorial to his beloved wife."

"Ah," he said with a sigh, "that is what I should like to do for my college." And for the life of him he couldn't understand why his wife suddenly became cold to him.

### True Prevention.

"You belong to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, don't you?" asked the caller.

"Yes. I'm one of the officers," replied the man at home.

"Well, here's a song I dedicated to your society. I'd like to sing it to you."

"All right. Wait until I put the cat out of the room."

### A Pen-ological Episode.

A farmer who dwelt in New Salem
Brought his pigs to the city to jail 'em.
"The critters," he'd say,
"Eat up all my hay,
So I'll chuck them in jail and then bail 'em."

### LITTLE EPITAPHS.

He saw the bridge
And tried to duck it;
Kicked first the gas
And then the bucket.

## Demand.

"Jim has become rich, I hear."

"How?"

"He's making blank cartridges to be used only in motion picture serials."

### A GROWLING PET.

A man will scowl
His face twist up,
And maybe growl
Just like a pup.

But wife, the while,
Just lets him fret,
Gives him a smile
And calls him "pet."

### His Hypotheses.

Elizabeth tripped blithely into the country postoffice.

"I want to know," she demanded with a tell-tale blush as she handed the clerk a pink communication addressed to her lover, "how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter."

"That depends," he answered; "if he's in jail they will let him write once a month only; if he's dead broke he'll have to wait till he can earn the price of a stamp, and I have no data upon which to base an opinion of his earning capacities. If he's ill in bed he may not care to dictate his heart's sentiments to a cold, disinterested third party, and if it's smallpox they won't let him write at all; ditto, if he's dead. Then, again, if he's got a new girl——"

At which moment he realized that the fair Elizabeth had flown.

### One of Them Was.

At an amateur performance an artist gave imitations of several popular actors, one of whom happened to be present.

Afterward the ambitious amateur sought an introduction to the "star," and asked hopefully:

"Did you see my imitation of you?"

"I did," replied the great man, promptly.

"Then, sir," persisted the aspiring youth, "may I ask you to give me your opinion of my art as shown in that impersonation?"

"Well, my boy," the great man said, "one of us is rotten!"

### A Little More Than Kin.

Last year I asked my best girl to become my wife, and she said "No!" But I got even with the girl. I married her mother. Then my father married the girl. Now I don't know what I am.

When I married the girl's mother the girl became my daughter, and when father married my daughter she was my mother. Who in the dickens am I? My mother's mother (which is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, I am my own grandfather.

### Reason Enough.

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" asked the magistrate of the man who was summoned for assault.

"Well, sir, I gives him a telegram to send to my gal, an' he starts readin' it. So, of course, I ups and gives him one."

### The Greater Valuables.

The Patron—"It seems uncomfortably cold in this vault."

Saftey Deposit Attendant—"It is cold, but we have to keep a low temperature. So many people keep their eggs and bacon here."

### An Ancient One.

"A collector of antiques, eh?" said Slowpeigh. "What do you want of me?"

"I came to collect that little bill," returned the hard-eyed man, "that you have been owing Easy & Good for so long."

### Got Him Worrying.

Tom—"You don't really imagine that girls actually propose sometimes, do you?"

Dick—"Well, all I know is that this is leap year and some girls are getting married who never got married before."

### His Last Engagement.

Teacher—"In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy?'"

Johnny—"I think it was his last battle."

### Her Talent.

"I don't know what we can make of Ethel," said the mother; "she sleeps so much."

"I know, mamma," said Tommie. "Make a chaperon of her."

### Resemblances.

Robert had a new brother about 3 weeks old.

"Who does your little brother look like?" asked one of the neighbors.

"I don't know that he looks much like anybody," replied Robert. "He looks a little like ex-President Taft in the back of his neck."

### TIME TO SHED IT, WILLY!

"I hate my woolen underwear,"
Said little Willie B.
"It makes me itchy everywhere
And wastes my energy.
It itches here and itches there,
The tickle seems to crawl.
A place will itch, but when I scratch
That ain't the place at all."

### Not Deceived.

Becoming unmanageable from some unknown cause, an automobile turned the corner, ran westward and onto a viaduct for some distance, then swerved suddenly and plunged over into the street below. As the vehicle took the leap its driver jumped or was flung out, but managed to catch on the broken railing. He hung for a horrid moment on the brink of death, and then scrambled back to safety.

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated a pedestrian below. "What a narrow escape!"

"Shucks!" returned the gent from Jimpson Junction, who was on hand. "That wasn't no escape; it was just a trick of some kind. They can't fool me!"

# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

**Information**—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

## SALESMEN

**WATER STILLS MADE ENTIRELY OF** copper, one or three gallon capacity; prices $25.00 and $40.00, respectively. Shipped prepaid by express or parcel post the same day we receive your order. Ideal for distilling water for automobile batteries, industrial uses, and drinking purposes. Charles Jarl, 1703 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Nebr.

**SELL TIRES DIRECT TO CAR OWNER.** 30x3 non-skid $11.75. Tubes $2.25; other sizes in proportion. Guaranteed 6,000 miles on liberal adjustment basis. Big commissions paid weekly. Experience or capital unnecessary. Auto Tire Clearing House, 1533 West 15th, Chicago.

## AGENTS WANTED

**BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA.** I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-156, Dayton, Ohio.

**WATER STILLS, MADE ENTIRELY OF** heavy copper, one and three gallon capacity, prices $25.00 and $40.00, respectively. Shipped prepaid by express or parcel post the same day we receive your order. Ideal for distilling water for automobile batteries, industrial uses, and drinking purposes. Boyer & Co., 805 Farnham Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska.

**AGENTS: $100 WEEKLY. AUTOMOBILE** owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves ten times its cost. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. L. Ballwey, Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

**AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS!** Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks, hosiery, underwear and general dry goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. M-2, 425 Broadway, New York.

**NOVELTY SPRAY AND FORCE PUMP.** For extinguishing fires, washing buggies, autos, windows, spraying trees, lawns, gardens, hiving bees, disinfecting hen roosts. Agents making $25 daily. Write for liberal terms. Phillips Manufacturing Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED** 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid $1.39. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**AGENTS—HERE'S THE BEST LINE OF** food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 2447 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**DOLLAR AN HOUR SURE. MEN, WOMEN,** sell Menthol Ointment. Leave on trial. Trial is sale. Good side line. Credit and freight allowed. Sample free. Established 1885. Horner Manufacturing, 540, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**MAKE AND SELL YOUR OWN GOODS.** Formulas by expert chemists. Manufacturing processes and trade secrets. Write for formula catalog. Wayne Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

**AGENTS, $40 to $100 A WEEK. FREE SAM**ples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark, Chicago.

**AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR.** Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

**AGENTS: WIRELESS UMBRELLA. I AM** paying $2 an hour, taking orders for this newest invention. Send for 6-part outfit. Six inch midget demonstrator free. Parker Mfg. Co., 309 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

**SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER** armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. 126, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**BIG PROFITS SELLING JUBILEE SPARK** intensifiers to automobile owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gas. Exclusive territory. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 920 Sta. C., Omaha, Nebr.

**AGENTS: SELL NEVERFAIL IRON RUST** and stain remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write to-day. Sanford-Beal Co. Inc., Dept. 3, Newark, N. Y.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS—$50 A WEEK, MEN FOR ARTICLE** used in all homes. Dime for particulars. Richard, 20 Liberty, Fall River, Mass.

## HELP WANTED

**MEN—BOYS—GIRLS, 16 OR OVER, GET** ready for railway mail clerk examinations. $100-$150 month. List positions obtainable—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 29, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**PAINT LANDSCAPES FOR ME—I TEACH** you free and buy your pictures. A. B. Camden, Durant, Okla.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**PHONOGRAPH RECORDS EXCHANGED.** Tired of your old records? Write us, we exchange your records, and guarantee satisfaction. Phonograph Shop, Dept. E, St. Paul, Minn.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN** from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for Booklet CM 12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN**necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

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# Free Yourself of Pile Suffering

**Sure, Speedy and Safe Relief from Piles Assured by My Method of Internal Treatment. Far Superior to Ointments, Salves, Dilators or Other Treatments that Simply Ease But Never Cure.**

## Let Me Prove This—FREE

## Don't Be Cut

**Try This Home Treatment that Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time and Free Yourself From Piles.**

My internal method for the relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cases, reported as cured, testify to this, and I want you to give this method a trial entirely free of any charge.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this treatment.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, ointments, dilators, etc., have failed.

I want you to realize that my method is the one infallible treatment that brings real lasting relief.

## Waited To Test Permanent Merit

Camden, N. J. 2317 Polk Ave.

Mr. E. R. Page.

Dear Sir:—

You will have to excuse me for not answering your letter before, but I wanted to convince myself of the merit of your treatment before replying.

Now in regards to the treatment I cannot praise it too highly.

After 7 months of continual pain I was surprised how quickly your treatment worked.

I tried several different kinds of treatments and I found them all wanting.

I was on the verge of going to a doctor for an operation when I saw your advertisement.

It appealed to me because to cure piles you have to know what causes them.

It is now 6 months since I have taken your treatment and I have not had any trouble since.

I personally recommend this treatment to all pile sufferers.

Wishing you the best of success, I remain, gratefully yours,

HARRY SCHLECHTER.

## Cured 15 Years Ago

**Never a Return.**

One of the most grateful letters ever received in my office is dated from Gate City, Virginia, and is signed by Mr. T. H. Quillin.

Mr. Quillin writes that he used my method for treating piles 15 years ago. He states that he was cured at that time and has never had any return of his trouble. He orders a treatment for his son.

This is a case to be proud of.

E. R. PAGE.

## Suffered Terribly

**Feels Like a New Man.**

I have been a sufferer from piles of the worst form for the past six years. I had consulted with the best doctors, but to no avail. I had been unable to work for the two weeks previous to the time I sent for your treatment, and suffered terribly, not being able to find a position I could rest in.

The day I received the medicine I took two pile tablets after supper and one pill before I retired. The next day I worked and have continued to work ever since. I feel like a new man.

I have recommended your treatment to a friend of mine who is bothered with itching piles, as I know it will knock 'em out.

Thanking you kindly for the prompt attention given my order, I am, yours for success, Ira M. Sacora, Ainsworth, Iowa.

**Why Continue to Suffer When You Can Have Quick Relief by Merely Sending Your Name and Address.**

## Now Completely Cured

### At Age of Eighty-Eight, Enthusiastic!

I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy. Yours truly, J. L. Lyon, Homer, Mich.

**Only Effective Cure.**

I wish to express my appreciation of your pile cure. Have doctored with different doctors but will say have found your cure the only effective one. Respectfully yours, Hiram Gray, Pleasant City, Ohio.

I was a sufferer from piles. Two doctors had said there was nothing that would do me any good but an operation. First I tried a sample of your Pile Treatment and was greatly relieved. Then I ordered a regular Treatment, and now I feel that I am cured. I advise all people who suffer with piles to take the Page Treatment. Sincerely yours, J. W. Shores, Box 25, Tallassee, Ala.

There is a big difference between being temporarily helped—having the pain leave for a few hours or days—and being **cured** of piles. So please notice that those whose letters are quoted especially state that they have been **cured.**

Don't let anything delay you, but write now, satisfy yourself, ask any questions, put me to the test—but above everything else send the coupon for a free trial of this most wonderful combination treatment.

## Suffered For Over 25 Years

### Troubled No More

It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you I am troubled no more with Piles. I am 64 years of age and have suffered for over 25 years; have tried all kinds of Ointment, etc., without success.

You are at liberty to use my name in reference to your Pile Cure and also my photograph, which I am sending you.

With best regards, I remain, yours very truly, John W. Shuman, 1445 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Suffered For Years, "But Wouldn't Know It"

**Certainly a Success.**

After suffering years with Piles I feel now as if I had never had them. Your remedy is certainly a success and cannot be praised too much. Had it not been for running across your ad in the World Almanac I suppose I would be still bothered with this awful disease.

I want to thank you for your kindness, and if I ever have an opportunity of recommending it I will do so.

Sincerely yours, E. R. Raymond, 238 Broadway, San Diego, Cal.

## Only One SURE Way

**Try a Package of My Internal Treatment (a Pleasant Tablet) and Forget Salves, Ointment and Unpleasant Local Applications.**

The only way in the world that you will ever find final relief for piles, is to treat them internally.

Don't let anyone persuade you to submit to an operation until you have at least given my method a trial.

This is not a new idea nor something that has not been given a thorough test. This system of treatment has been sold for nearly a quarter of a century, and I have received thousands of letters testifying to the truth of every claim, every statement that I have ever made.

Take advantage of this opportunity to relieve yourself of piles and their pain.

## "I Could Not Work"

**"Finally Secured Your Treatment."**

After suffering for five years with itching and protruding piles and at times so bad that I could not work, after trying all kinds of remedies I could get hold of, I finally secured your treatment and I am completely cured.

Hoping this will help other sufferers, I remain, yours respectfully, Alfred Setterberg, Max, Minn.

**Son Cured Sound and Well—Cures Where Others Failed.**

Replying to your recent inquiry I am glad to be able to state that the two large-size packages of Treatment I ordered for my son **cured him sound and well.**

I have tried several remedies but none seemed to have any effect. I was told by some that there was no such thing as a **Home Cure** for piles. Then by chance I picked up a piece of scrap paper and saw your advertisement. I asked for a free sample, got it, and after I had seen what it had done, I ordered a large-size treatment and it almost completely cured my son. Then I ordered another, and I say I can bless the day that I picked up that scrap of paper and answered your advertisement. I can't say enough for the E. R. Page Pile Remedy. I have recommended it to my friends here and sent some of your pamphlets to friends in other states.

Now you may use this letter or any part of it as you may see fit, to introduce your wonderful remedy. With best wishes for your success, I remain, yours very truly, L. M. Coplin, Box 134, Deering, Mo.

## "Sample Must Have Cured Me"

**Bleeding Piles for 6 Years.**

Your Pile Tablets are surely wonderful. I was troubled with bleeding piles, off and on, for six years; couldn't get anything to cure them until I read your ad. in the daily paper. The sample must have cured me—I haven't been bothered since. Yours truly, Mrs. M. J. Manbeck, R. R. 2, Box 96, San Bernardino, Calif.

There isn't any doubt in the world but that my Internal Method for Treating Piles is the One Correct Way. It reaches the seat of trouble, heals and soothes, and brings relief after all other methods have utterly failed.

The first trial will surely convince you.

## FREE Pile Relief Coupon

MR. E. R. PAGE,
382 J Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send to me, without obligation, trial package of your combination pile treatment. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing charges.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....State .....

**E. R. Page** 382 J Page Building MARSHALL, MICH.